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THE SPHERE, APRIL 6, 1940
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Vol. CLXI No. 2098 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 6 1940

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 6, 1940

KEEPING THE SEAS CLEAR OF MINES

Members of a Naval Minesweeper Crew Carrying Ammunition to the Gun

The British Navy is still keeping the seas clear, and this fact is proved by the recent Admiralty announcement that not a single British or Allied ship was sunk in one whole week. The latest weapon of the Nazis—the magnetic mine—is being defeated by the magnificent and untiring efforts of the men aboard the minesweepers, whose job it is to sweep the harbour channels and approaches, and so make them safe for any shipping using our ports. These men on the minesweepers are usually at sea thirteen days out of a fortnight, carrying out their dangerous work. When the minesweeper gets clear of harbour, ammunition for the gun is carried forward to be in readiness to repel any attack by the enemy. These naval vessels have been supplemented by a big fleet of others which have been adapted as minesweepers and these are manned by thousands of volunteers from the fishing fleets who are now serving for "the duration"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THIS IS "COBBER," FIRST AIR ACE OF THE WAR: A few days ago it was announced that the King had awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross to a young New Zealand pilot, Flying-Officer Edgar James Kain. Known as "Cobber" (New Zealand for "pal") to all his friends, this twenty-two-year-old pilot is the first air ace of the present war. He has already shot down four or five enemy aircraft; but in his latest action he himself was brought down. Taking to his parachute when his plane collapsed in mid-air, Flying-Officer Kain landed in No Man's Land with superficial shrapnel wounds in the leg and hand. Nevertheless, he was up and about on the following day! Rejected at first for the R.A.F., Kain succeeded in entering at his second attempt. He was born at Hastings, New Zealand, in 1918, and was in business in Wellington before gaining his commission. He was promoted Flying-Officer last year, and was mentioned in dispatches on February 20. When flying on patrol Kain always wears a lucky Maori mascot, which can be seen in the above picture attached to his identity discs

CAPTAIN J. H. HUDSON AND FUSILIER J. WORSLEY: For their part in killing six, and capturing one, of a German patrol, these two members of the Lancashire Fusiliers have just been decorated in the Field with the Croix de Guerre by a French General

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. XXXI

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

Wednesday, April 3, 1940

MR. CHURCHILL AGAIN.—

Mr. Churchill, our greatest orator, is also one of the few Ministers from the Front Bench who do not bore us with platitudes and patronise us. He takes us into his confidence, speaks his mind without fear of "what the neutrals will say," and speaks as man to man, by which I mean as a man speaks to men who *are* men and not jitterbugs or faint-hearts or nit-wits. For which I, for one, thank him. He expects an intensification of the war effort and that is not a surprising prophecy. He reminded us that in men and material the Allies are much stronger than Germany. Our first and last enemy is Nazi Germany and no other nation which does not threaten us need fear our attentions. Without mincing words he spoke of the neutrals, big and small, as every man in this country feels concerning them. The position they have taken up in this war through terror or distaste for the sacrifices of war is as damaging to us as it is humiliating to them. I hope Mr. Churchill spoke for the Government as well as for himself when he declared that there was a limit to our patience in enduring a definition of neutrality, bred of fear, which had the effect of supplying Germany with the sinews of war against the freedom of all nations and with the weapons with which to sink neutral ships and murder neutral sailors. This, indeed, is cowardice run mad, and the end to such cowardice is long overdue. A manly, sensible speech which may do good and cannot conceivably do harm. Why? Because in this war of words, words as a weapon of aggression are still as futile as ever they were. It is facts and blows, not threats and hot air, which alone count.

CANADA'S WAR AIMS.—

The German nation gave Hitler a present of old scrap iron and junk. Canada has given him a present without a trace of rust or dust or decay, and he will no doubt receive it in the "spirit in which it was sent." Mr. Mackenzie King's message to Canada deserves its place in any Newsletter. For it says in the minimum of words all that is essential about the late elections. "You will never know how relieved and proud I feel that the Canadian people have shown that it has been possible for Canada to carry through a General Election in time of war without impairing the united war effort of a united country . . . It has been the war effort of a free people fighting to maintain freedom. The result was a proof that you felt that a vigorous war effort by a united Canada was necessary above all things, not only effectively to aid Great Britain and France in the struggle to preserve freedom in Europe but that it was essential as well to preserve true freedom in our own land." If any of those words are redundant, they are only the first four. We appreciate what Mr. King feels. We appreciate what Canada has shown the world. The more because she is neighbour and half-sister to the great nation on her southern borders which was the first to hear her unequivocal declaration (re-affirmation) for humanity, liberty and decency. That voice has cheered those who have taken up arms for the defence of civilisation and right and cannot fail to hearten the waverers in all countries to new resolve and steadfastness. And if that voice does not evoke a shiver of doubt and anxiety in Germany, it will surprise me.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT CHANGES.—

With our experience in the past twenty years of French Cabinet making we could not but deplore the fall of M. Daladier and the uneasy start of M. Reynaud's Government. It was depressing to read of the determination of a great party to oppose M. Reynaud at every turn. But let us always remember that France is never so strong as in time of trouble, that her political ways are still a closed book to us and that the spoken words of party leaders bear less than the normal relation to their actions in time of national danger. The French may be fierce and bitter political partisans, but they are fierce and bitter patriots when threatened from outside. Let us take comfort, too, from the fact that M. Reynaud is the man to lead a nation in war-time, fiercely brave, relentless, inflexible, a pocket battleship. Let us remember that M. Daladier's fall was due, not to discontent with the war, but to discontent with the absence of war. But here we must pause. Where is the immediate remedy? If (and no doubt it is true) the Finnish debacle brought matters of discontent to a head, what could a stronger French policy have achieved to prevent that debacle? Admit that Sweden's part was decisive. Admit that Sweden loathes Nazism and Fascism and would have welcomed a victorious and intact Finland. Sweden's weakness was due to Sweden's terror of Germany. What was wanting in Allied policy in the past six months which has increased that fear and lowered the stock of Allied military effectiveness in neutral eyes? Only one thing has been wanting—the launching of a major land offensive either on the Western Front or elsewhere. Are there among the French Higher Command any soldiers who consider that one of these major adventures ought to have been launched before now? If none, M. Daladier should in justice still be where he was.

CONDUCT OF MODERN WAR.—

This is an afterthought on the affairs of Scapa and Sylt and any other war episodes that have followed them. The more I think of them, the more I rub my eyes and wonder if I am dreaming. The conduct of this war is so totally different to that of any which has preceded it. Surprises we have had in plenty. Nothing has gone as forecast, but no one even dimly conceived the possible development of the *showmanship* of this war. To what extent does the development of broadcasting account for it? The naked truth is that both sides at present are much more concerned with the propaganda campaign than with the war of lethal weapons. The affairs of Scapa and Sylt were war episodes, minor Zeebrugges; their results are war *facts*. The damage they may have done to the enemy are *facts*, assets to the side which did it, liabilities to the side which sustained it. They are facts which no amount of denial or exaggeration alters. Facts which need no words. And what do we find? Each side neglects the *actions* and is concerned solely with the impression it can produce in neutral eyes of the effects, minimised or exaggerated, of these actions. It is not war but showmanship, pure and simple (or impure and very slick). It is showmanship run mad. The cinema rights, the broadcasting rights, must be safeguarded before military action can be planned. Between bursts of activity in warfare, there must be pauses for propaganda manœuvring, rebutters and surrebutters, a much more violent paper war. This is indeed a Hollywood war run mad. The heroes of a raid on land or by air are hurried to the B.B.C. headquarters to be shown off to a gaping public like queens of beauty on a seaside pier. Prisoners are taken, not to prison camps, but to the microphone, to keep the ring of watchers amused. Wounded men, too, go to the microphone before the dressing station. In this modern warfare the war of arms takes second place, the war of paper and propaganda and rival showmanship is the big thing. It wouldn't 'a done for the Dook. It would have grievously shocked Foch and Haig. Does any sane man suppose that by such conduct this war can ever have a definite conclusion? It is high time the Allies withdrew from the major war (modern style) and devoted attention to the old-fashioned forms. The courage of our fighting men needs no showmanship. The heroes of past wars kept silence, but their exploits were never forgotten. They are as fresh and stimulating to-day as on the days on which they were performed. Is this the meaning of a "people's war"—that the people must be kept constantly amused by showmanship, that the bloody business must be made a peep show?

M. REYNAUD'S CALL: BRITAIN'S ANSWER?—

I don't know, after reading M. Reynaud's broadcast speech, whether it was wishful thinking that guided many British newspapers to declare that *he* had declared for total warfare, that is, for wresting the "initiative" from Hitler and for preparing *now* to supersede paper war with real war in each element, the only warfare which can end this war. At least we believe that M. Reynaud came to power because of a deep-seated desire on the part of France to end the hesitation and be done with idle words. Some of us believe that the bulk of this country also, loathing war and all its hideous implications, wishes also to be done with words and propaganda and hesitation and to get on with the dreadful business. Six months of propaganda warfare has

R.A.F. PLANE SHOOTS DOWN A DORNIER AND FLIES HOME ON ONE ENGINE: A reconnaissance plane of the R.A.F. on patrol over the North Sea attacked two German Dornier flying boats, shot down one and then returned safely to its base, 200 miles distant, despite that one engine had been put out of action and the wings and fuselage had been hit many times with bullets. This picture was taken just after the crew had returned to their station. From left to right are seen the air-gunner, leading aircraftman, sergeant-pilot, and flying-officer

begun to affect our morale, ever so little, but none the less perceptibly. Its futility and vulgarity are tarnishing our panache, bright for the crusade. If it be so, our Government also falls to be reconstituted. I am opposed in theory to criticism of Ministers in times of trouble (beyond the range of reasonable complaints of failure in this and that domestic matter by individual Ministers). But this is a turning point, and if the nation is steeled to total war, then the weak spots in our Government must be removed. These weak links are clearly to be seen. Party balance, political services, all the old shibboleths, must go. We must have the best available men (from whatever fields of activity) to safeguard our food, run our transport, equip our armies, defend our shores, extend our trade, and conserve our resources. And redundant, roving Ministerial commissions must go, too. In any sort of war, whether *vi et armis* or a war of words, it is, and has been, intolerable that the Government should include portfolio-holders whose natures are patently unsuitable for times of national danger; Ministers who, when they raise their voices on any subject across the ether or in the House, constantly lower our morale, excite our derision, and inspire us with nothing but intense boredom. Such Ministers may be endurable in peace. In war they are dangerous and intolerable.

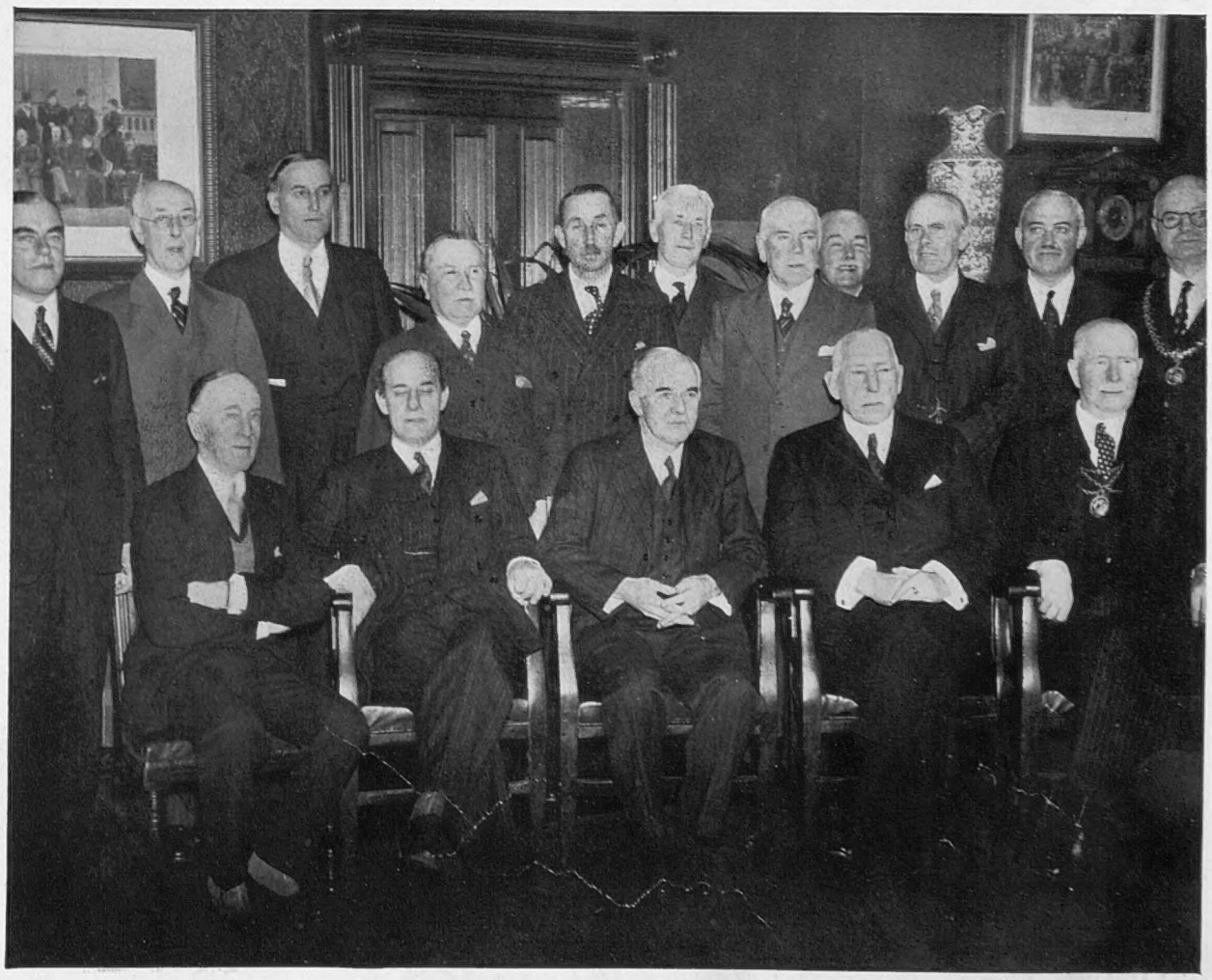
WHAT A DATE!—St. George's day! The sweet of the year. Shakespeare's death day, perhaps his birthday, Zeebrugge day, date of the budget, which will be an all-time (to date) record for severity. St. George killed the dragon and St. Simon will kill another. He will give the *coup de grace* to the dragon of "property"—that evil concupiscence which for so many centuries has kept us from the ideals of Arcady. (Yet how soon the Arcadian shepherds began to tot up their wealth in sheep and reed pipes!) We have shown how our race will cheerfully suffer and take punishment on St. George's day. Sir John Simon will invite us to prove our power to take a lesser form of punishment. "Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave to thousands. But he who filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and leaves me poor indeed." [John. Bull: *Mais, Monseigneur, il faut vivre.* John Simon: *Je ne vois pas la necessité.*] Sir John, be sure, won't try that on. On the contrary, he will flatter our good name before applying the wrench. He is now searching Shakespeare for an apt quotation for his budget speech, and I offer him the above, which (as an exercise) I have quoted from memory and not revised from the text.

EASTER'S SIGNIFICANCE.—The Easter egg of course typifies the Resurrection and generally the annual spiritual and physical renaissance of the year. The Pasch egg was a sacred observance of the Romish Church before the Reformation and the idea of colouring the eggs is pre-Reformation also. There is no season in our year quite so consoling as Easter, for all things then conspire to uplift men's hearts and to fill them again with hope and resolve to amend. War takes the joy and zest and colour out of most of our blessings but not all. Even in war we can be thankful when the long winter is over and the season comes again when mere existence loses half its difficulties, when the roads are free, the evenings and mornings light, the sun warm, and the bare branches are once more a mist of tender green; when clumps of daffodils paint the greener grass and the children carry bunches of primroses along the lanes, when the almond is ablaze in hundreds of gardens along the roads and the chiff-chaff and the cuckoo are calling persistently. When Easter falls early, some of these delights are still to come, but they are very close to us, and we are on the threshold of Shakespeare's England and Shakespeare's favourite season which "paints the meadows with delight." "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive", and that is why April is of all months the best of the year. Whether we are at home in an English village, or quartered in a French village, or at sea, we still can and do enjoy our renaissance and thank God for the turn of the year. How vividly I recall during four springs in France and Flanders the unspeakable relief when April came in at last, and the torn copses showed green again and the cuckoo called and even from dugouts men "crept out again to feel the sun." Where did I enjoy that revelation between 1915 and 1919? Let me recall: At Wormhoudt and Elverdinghe, behind Ypres; at Sailly-la-Bourse and the Hohenzollern Redoubt in front of Béthune; at Guerrieu and the Carnoy Valley in the Somme; at Blangy-sur-Ternoise; at Miséry and Moreuil; at the Hospice de St. Victor in Amiens (that was the March push of 1918); in Cologne and in Paris. And whether it was a dingy mining village, a big city; a mass of earthworks in a broken countryside, or a tumbledown hamlet in Flanders or the Somme, still the revelation of Easter was vivid and potent and comforting. War is bestial, futile, bloody and boring; spring gives wings to its dark angels. But . . . it alleviates its bitterness, none the less. Hope revives . . . we see beyond the dark tunnel the warm light of a day which will come again at last.

LORD HAW HAW.—Several correspondents from England, Scotland and Eire have written to me about Lord Haw Haw and his broadcasts. Some of them spill bitter words over him and condemn those who turn on the tap of his poisoned trickles. I don't take that view. I have not often heard him. Indeed the wireless gives me more pain and boredom than recreation. I wish the damned thing had never been invented. It is the greatest curse (unless the invention of flying beats it) which ever fell upon the human race. It has murdered our peace and outlawed understanding among nations. But Lord Haw Haw is by no means one of the big curses of the accursed little box. Like most Englishmen, I have never conceived the possibility of our being licked by a nation like the Germans, and I have not yet lost so much confidence and pride in my race as no longer to enjoy immensely hearing a foreigner or a traitor blackening our national character openly or insidiously and distorting our proud history. Every critical book by a stranger on England and the English tickles my great national vanity, and I infinitely prefer Lord Haw Haw to most of our "Front Bench" orators who give me the jim-jams and megrims. At least Lord Haw Haw makes me laugh and makes me proud to be a Briton, while Sir Sammy Namby Pamby, M.P., makes me feel like a damned soul at a long overdue revival meeting. Lord Haw Haw is a lost soul who is working off in Purgatory the gross and petty sins of a small mind and an enlarged ego and he is doing the business very much to my satisfaction. I hope he may be raised to a Viscountcy in the next Honours. Such steps have in the past been awarded on slenderer grounds.

A KNELLER PORTRAIT.—There came into my possession the other day a portrait by Kneller or one of his pupils of Sir William Petty, the great political economist who was born at Romsey and rose to be a great figure in the reign of Charles II. Petty was much admired by Pepys and other leading men of his day and retained the confidence of Charles II and James II. He was the founder (in a great degree) of the family of Lord Lansdowne, for his daughter, Anne, married a Fitzmaurice (1st Earl of Kerry) and inherited her father's qualities and brought her husband her mother's title of Shelburne. I showed this picture to a friend. The subject is depicted wearing a full wig, a rich brown gown and lace, and has a noble head and a strong, ugly face. My friend said, "They may call it Petty, but it is surely Pepys. It is exactly like the famous Kneller of Pepys in the hall at Magdalene, Cambridge." We pulled out a copy of Pepys' Diary and compared the reproduction of the Magdalene picture with my own picture of Petty. In all essentials, the portraits seemed identical, reproducing even the highlights, and certain stray wisps of hair. It was difficult to believe that they were not the same man, if not two productions of the same picture. I have not seen the Magdalene Pepys. If this should catch the eye of anyone who has done so, I wish he would tell me the colouring of the robes of the Magdalene picture.

THE OLD STAGER



THE SUPPLY MINISTER IN BELFAST: A group taken at a luncheon given by the Ulster Reform Club during Mr. Leslie Burgin's two-day visit to Belfast. Seated in the front, from left to right, are: Lord Londonderry, Mr. Leslie Burgin, Mr. Arthur S. Davidson (President, Ulster Reform Club), Lord Craigavon, and the Lord Mayor of Belfast. Mr. Burgin's visit was in connection with Northern Ireland's industrial effort which he praised in a speech, mentioning the shipbuilding, linen, and other industries which are contributing valuable aid to the war effort. (Further pictures of Ulster's war effort will be found on page 13)

PANORAMA of the WEEK

RESCUED BY THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "UNITY" AFTER SIX DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT

This was the incident referred to by Mr. Churchill in his broadcast record of the sea war on Saturday. The Dutch fishing vessel *Protinus* had been bombed and machine-gunned and eight of the crew had been left adrift in an open boat. They were rescued by the British Navy and taken to a Scottish port in a critical condition. Mr. Churchill thought that to shoot down one of our aviators who had palpably lost his way was a poor return on the part of Holland

THE KING CHEERED BY TROOPS WHEN HE VISITED THE SOUTHERN COMMAND AT NEWBURY

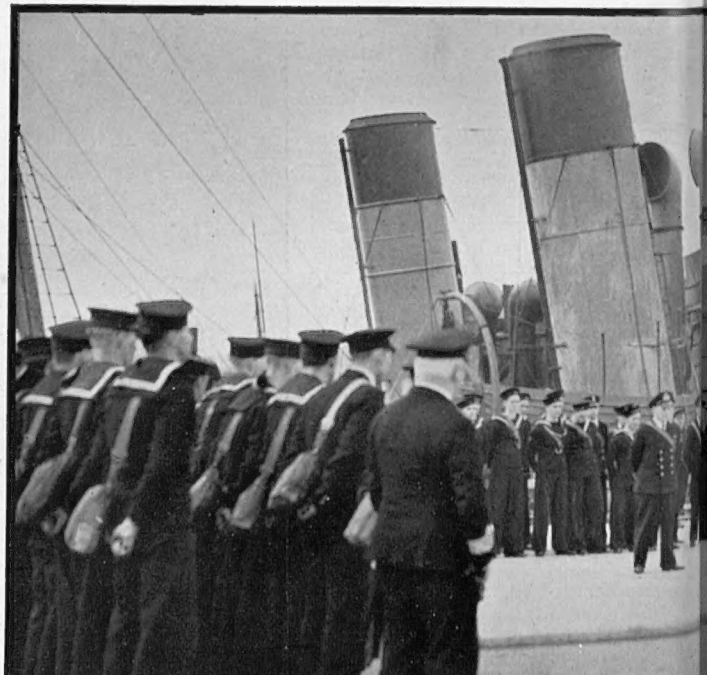
His Majesty interrupted his E Command. He was met by a s wore the service uniform of a four hours. Several times the he passed. At two points he w talk to men we

TRAINING WAR DOGS FOR THEIR DARING WORK IN GUARDING LONELY OUTPOSTS

These dogs are being trained for lands, Horsell Common, Woking. Maginot Line to guard lonely outp their paces and he hopes to do so subjected to a baptism of fire on unafraid. One is here h

'TIS AN ILL WIND—PART OF THE HARVEST OF STUNNED FISH COLLECTED AFTER A DEPTH-CHARGE EXPLOSION

An incidental result of the explosion of depth-charges is that a number of fish will be stunned and rise to the surface. For about half an hour they will remain in this condition and sometimes quite a rich haul can be made by a vessel in the neighbourhood



THE C.-IN-C. OF THE NORE VISITS ANTI-SUBMARINE TRAWLER CREWS AT AN EAST COAST PORT

The Commander speaking to the c port. These me

AR-TIME SCENES on SEA and LAND

day on Friday of last week to inspect a division in the Southern
er and made a 50-mile tour, visiting various units. His Majesty
shal with a British Warm, and looked extremely well. The tour lasted
his car and walked along roads lined with troops, who cheered as
more than half a mile inspecting troops, and frequently paused to
ons asking them about their service in the last war

WITH THE ROYAL NAVAL PATROL SERVICE IN HOME WATERS

It is not enough for the vessel to be supplied with guns; they must be effectively and rapidly handled to be able to constitute a real threat against the enemy in the air. The crews have to race for the gun to get in first

vice at Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Richardson's Airedale Kennels at Grass-
ee months intensive training the Colonel's dogs have been sent to the
ing the last war, Colonel Richardson put 2,000 dogs of all styles through
e. Any dog with any intelligence is accepted for training. They are
ne Front—bombs, rifles, and heavy shells are fired so that they become
ght to carry pigeons and the other to wear his gas mask

FISHERMEN IN THEIR WAR-TIME KIT MAN THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN

Some 20,000 men have passed into the Royal Naval Patrol Service since war began. Every week they become more proficient in their work and in their capacity to defend themselves from attack

af of the Nore, Admiral Sir Reginald Plunkett-Ernle-Erle Drax, is seen
nti-submarine trawlers when he visited them at an East Coast
ed converted trawlers are doing good work in guarding the convoys

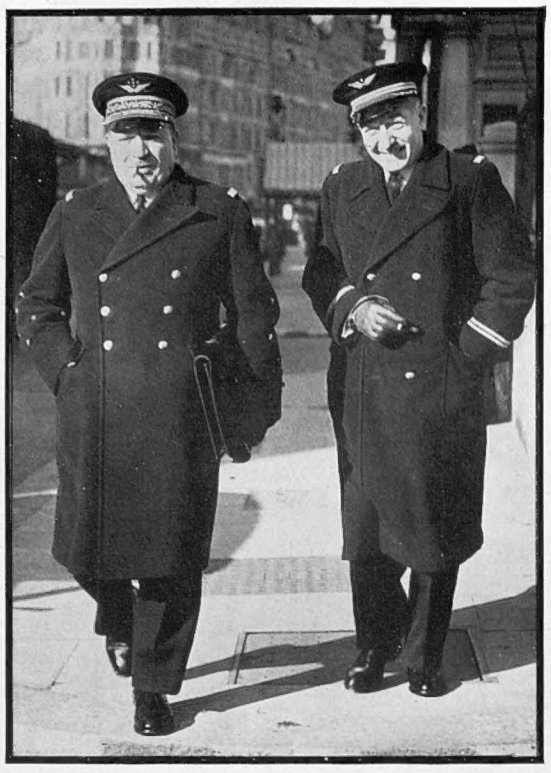
HOW THE GUN'S CREW LOOK FROM A NEARBY SWEEPER

Here the gun is being employed for the purpose of destroying a mine which has shown its ugly black canister above the surface. It is all good practice

The Supreme Allied Wa

The Sixth Meeting of the Coun

GENERAL SIR E. IRONSIDE, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF (WEARING CROSS OF LEGION OF HONOUR), WITH AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR C. NEWALL



GENERAL VUILLEMIN, CHIEF OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE (ON LEFT), IN LONDON FOR THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL MEETING

FRANCE'S NEW PRIME MINISTER, M. PAUL REYNA LEAVING NO. 10, DOWNING STREET FOR LUNCH

THE ALLIED AIR MINISTERS LEAVING AFTER THE ALLIED WAR COUNCIL MEETING: SIR KINGSLEY WOOD WITH M. LAURENT-EYNAC (ON RIGHT)

SMOKING A CIGAR (AS USUAL), THE FIRST LORD THE ADMIRALTY LEAVES AFTER LUNCHING WI THE MEMBERS OF THE SUPREME WAR COUN

FRANCE'S NAVY MINISTER, M. CAMPINCHI, ARRIVES AT 10, DOWNING STREET FOR THE MEETING

GENERAL GAMELIN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN FRANCE, AND THE OTHER HIGH FRENCH MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS, WERE FIGURES OF GREAT INTEREST TO LONDON CITIZENS

The meeting of the Supreme Allied War Council in London on March 28 was remarkable for three far-reaching decisions. The situation now created is admirably summarised by *The Daily Telegraph*: "It is to be seen that the solemn declaration which has been agreed to by the British and French Governments concerns not only the conduct of the war but the conditions indispensable for the conclusion of a satisfactory peace. It is the most emphatic and far-reaching declaration of joint policy which has yet been made. In the first place, the two Allied Governments mutually undertake that, during the present war, they will neither negotiate nor conclude an armistice or treaty of peace, except by mutual agreeme What is more significant is the mutual undertaking not to discuss peace terms before reach complete agreement on the conditions necessary 'to ensure to each of them an effective lasting guarantee of their security.' Lastly, and most important of all, the Allied Governm undertake to maintain, after the conclusion of peace, a community of action in all spheres nec sary to safeguard their security, and 'to effect the reconstruction of an international order wh will ensure the liberty of peoples, respect for law, and the maintenance of peace in Europe

...ouncil Meets in London

...nd Its Momentous Decisions

THE PRIME MINISTER WAS IN GENIAL MOOD DURING THE MEETING IN LONDON ON THURSDAY OF LAST WEEK

GENERAL GAMELIN PAUSED FOR A MOMENT AT THE ENTRANCE TO NO. 10, DOWNING STREET. HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A MEMBER OF HIS STAFF, GENERAL KOELTZ, DURING THE VISIT TO LONDON

DURING GENERAL GAMELIN'S STAY IN ENGLAND LAST WEEK HE VISITED THE MECHANISED TRANSPORTS OF THE CANADIAN TROOPS IN COMPANY WITH GENERAL McNAUGHTON (CANADIAN FORCES) AND GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE

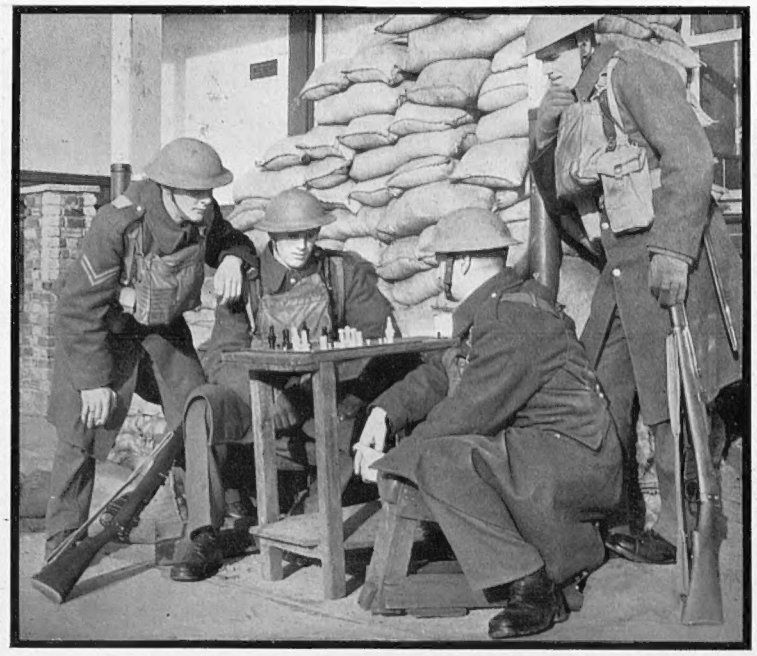
Comment was also made regarding after-war procedure, a period of great danger if not handled with care by both Allies. "It is now realised that a fatal error committed after the last war was the refusal by this country during the peace conference to assume any obligation for the peace of Europe and more especially for the security of France. This refusal was a reversion to the old policy of 'splendid isolation' which the war itself had rendered obsolete. . . . The moment is not yet ripe to propound precise details for its execution; but the formulation of the principle is regarded both in London and Paris as of fundamental significance." An interesting and welcome personality present at the Council's meeting was M. Roland de Margerie, newly appointed Chef de Cabinet to M. Reynaud. Up to the war he was First Secretary of the French Embassy in London, left the service to rejoin his old regiment, and is now recalled to political duty

1914-15

Towards the end of the first six months of the Great War, the Western line extending from Verdun to the sea had become fixed, and although this picture was taken a little later, it typifies the mud and dirt of actual fighting conditions. These men were moving up to trenches which might at any moment be pounded and strafed by the enemy

SIX MONTHS OF WARFARE COMPARED

The Terrific Battles of 1914-15 and the Siege Operations of 1939-40 set out in Comparative Tables



1939-40

During the first six months of the war, the B.E.F. has been busy strengthening its position from day to day. It has encountered some severe weather, but no enemy attack in force has interfered with the daily round which, behind the lines, has been pleasant enough. Only a couple of graves with their little crosses tell of the dangers beyond the line

THE GREAT WAR

August 4, 1914 to January 31, 1915

August 4.—Declaration of war against Germany by Britain.

August 7.—Germans entered Liége.
British Expeditionary Force crossed the Channel.
"Breslau" and "Goeben" escaped to Constantinople.
Turkey joined the Central Powers.

August 15.—Japan declared war on Germany.

August 20.—Russians defeated German army and occupied East Prussia.
German army entered Brussels.

August 23.—Retreat from Mons.

August 27.—Battle of Tannenburg. Russians driven from East Prussia.

August 28.—Three German cruisers sunk off Heligoland.

August 30.—German armies had advanced to Laon and Amiens, in striking distance of Paris.

September 1.—Russians entered Lemberg.

September 5.—Von Kluck crossed the Marne—Gallieni, Governor of Paris, dispatched Manoury's army to strike at his rear.

September 6-12.—Battle of the Marne—decisive battle of the war.

October 9.—Antwerp fell before the German great guns.

October 20 to **November 11.**—First Battle of Ypres.

November 1.—Coronel Battle.

December 8.—Falkland Islands—Von Spee defeated by Sturdee.

December 16.—Germans bombarded Hartlepool and Scarborough.

January 24, 1915.—Battle of the Dogger Bank—"Blucher" sunk.

The French armies had lost, from last week of August to end of November, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 854,000.

The British army, about one-seventh of the French fighting strength, lost 85,000 men.

THE PRESENT WAR

September 3, 1939 to February 28, 1940

September 3.—Declaration of war on Germany by Great Britain and France.
Sinking of the "Athenia."

September 4.—Dropping of leaflets by R.A.F. on the Ruhr.

September 19.—Aircraft-carrier "Courageous" torpedoed.

September 23.—Period of French attacks round Saarbrücken.

October 5.—British Expeditionary Force landed in France.
Daylight raid by Germans on warships in the Forth.

November 1.—First German plane brought down on British soil.

November 26.—German bombers over Shetland Islands.

December 13.—Battle of the River Plate.

December 14.—British submarines "Ursula" and "Salmon" sink two German cruisers.

December 18.—Air attack over Heligoland.

December 23.—Canadians arrive in England.

January 2.—German raiders over Shetland Islands.

January 13.—R.A.F. drop leaflets over Vienna.

February 16.—"Altmark" incident: rescue of British prisoners by Royal Navy.

During the whole of this six months the Navy maintained a ceaseless guard upon the seas and the Royal Air Force over both sea and land.

EUROPEAN EVENTS

during the present war, Sept. to Feb.

September 1.—Germans invade Poland.

September 3.—Great Britain and France declare war on Germany.

September 8.—Germans advance rapidly into Poland.

September 17.—Russia invades Poland, meeting Germans at Brest Litovsk.

September 19.—Hitler makes speech at Danzig announcing that Poland was conquered in eighteen days.

September 30.—Estonia forced to sign treaty with U.S.S.R., yielding naval bases and aerodromes.

October 5.—Hitler enters Warsaw.

October 6.—Latvia signs "friendly agreement" with U.S.S.R., yielding naval and air bases.

October 10.—Finland prepares for defence.

October 19.—Turkey signs Anglo-French Treaty of mutual assistance.

October 20.—Stockholm Conference between Scandinavia Powers.

October 28.—Riots in Prague.

November 1.—Russia issues terms to Finland, demanding naval bases and territory.

November 8.—Explosion at Munich—where Hitler had made a speech.

November 12.—Tension in Holland over fear of German invasion—flooding scheme ready.

November 15.—Russian troops enter Lithuania to occupy naval bases.

November 28.—Russia denounces Treaty of Non-Aggression with Finland.

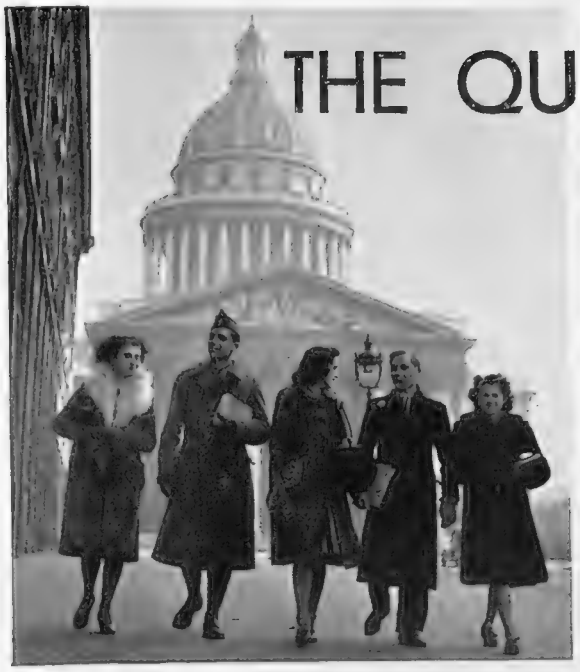
November 30.—Russia starts war with Finland by bombing Helsinki.
Migration of Germans from Baltic States.

December.—Finns put up stout resistance to Russia.

January and February, 1940.—Finns continue brave struggle.

THE QUARTIER LATIN IN WAR-TIME

French Students Revisit Ancient Haunts of Learning and—With British Airmen on Leave—Seek Distraction from War at the Bookshops and Stalls



IN FRONT OF THE PANTHEON IN THE QUARTIER LATIN

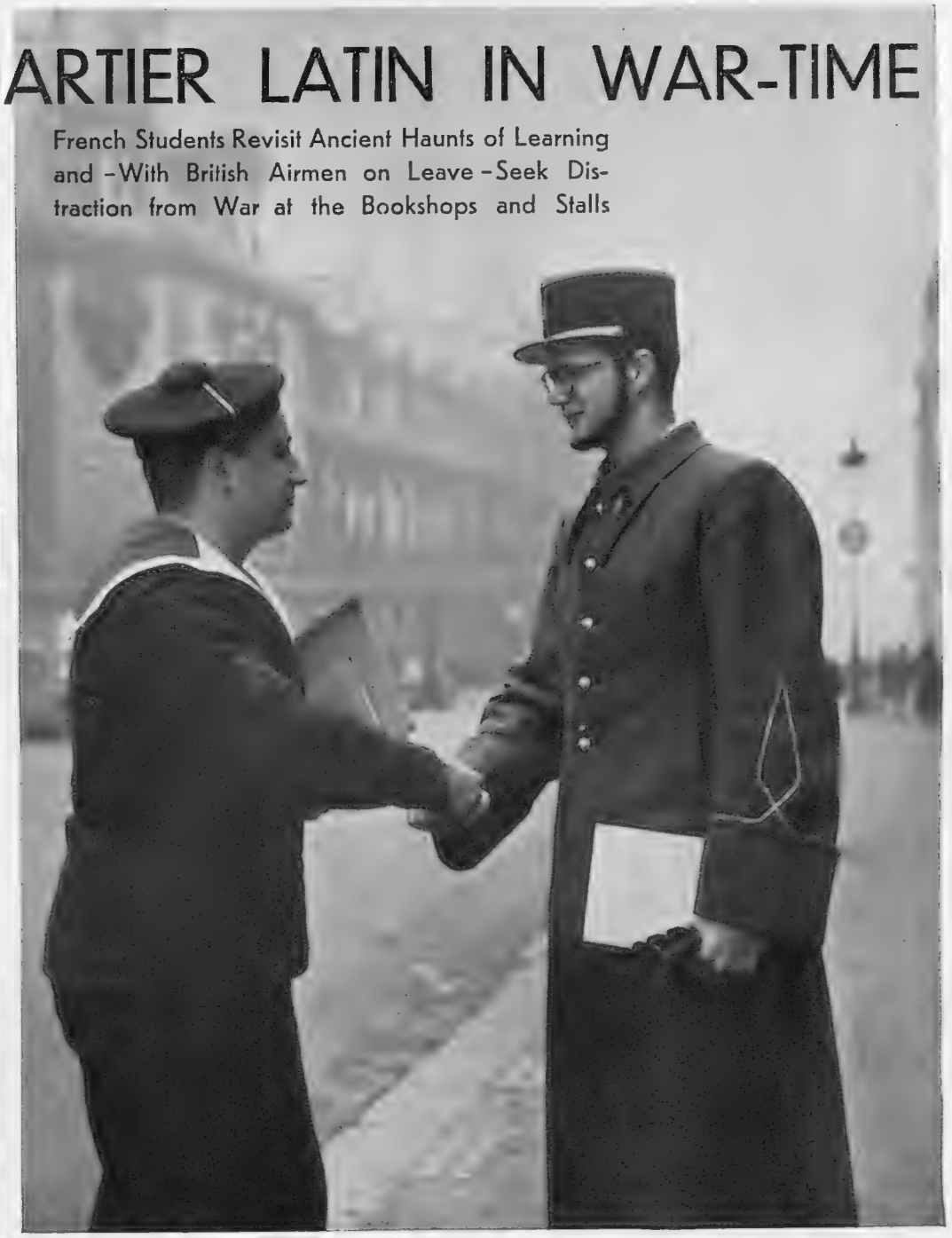
A student returns to the once familiar streets by the Seine and wanders through them with his relatives and friends. Behind them is the huge domed building which houses the remains of Mirabeau and other famous Frenchmen of the past

A YOUNG STUDENT FINDS AN INTERESTING VOLUME ON AN OUTSIDE BOOKSHELF

If you like bookshops you cannot pass them by without a glance. Here a law student has picked up a volume which holds his attention

IN A CAFÉ NEAR THE RIVER, BRITISH AIRMEN ON LEAVE ENJOY 5 O'CLOCK RELAXATION

The *thé anglais* is irresistible if one has had a busy day of sightseeing in the French capital



THEY ARE IN DIFFERENT SERVICES, BUT TO ONE ANOTHER THEY ARE JUST HENRI AND LOUIS MEETING AGAIN IN THE PRECINCTS OF "L'UNIVERSITE"

The students of the Latin Quarter are all dispersed among the forces. One may be an officer or a plain poilu. Back in the streets by the old Cité they are students once again

AMONG THE FAMOUS BOUQUINISTES OF THE QUAIS

Wandering along by the river towards the Quartier Latin one encounters the little open-air bookstalls where lovers of the printed word have so often idled awhile and perchance picked up something worth while. The bouquiniste's "shop" rests on the top of the stone parapet and the little roof is lowered when closing time arrives

MASS IS CELEBRATED IN THE ATTIC: In the spacious attic of a Chateau near the line a French Army chaplain celebrates Holy Mass, which is well attended by the officers and men quartered nearby, many of whom receive Holy Communion

NOTHING TO REPORT . . .

—But the War Goes on all Down the Line

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

THE other day, after I had addressed an informal meeting on various aspects of the war, the chairman, without reference, invited members of the audience to put questions to me. I wonder what's coming now, I thought to myself. Yet the trend of the questions set me thinking, because I discovered that people are puzzled; they want to know, bless their innocent hearts, if when the communiqué says there is nothing to report, it *really* means that everything was quiet and peaceful. Does it? Well, not quite, you know.

Nothing . . . to . . . report . . . artillery fire on both sides of the Rhine . . . our patrols repulsed enemy attacks west of the Saar . . . nothing . . . to . . . . report.

Let us take a look behind the writing of the official communiqué and see how it is done. As it happens, I am writing this article in a French town which was for some time French G.H.Q. in the last war. It is a town whose name is celebrated in France in connection with a certain branch of sport. G.H.Q. in this war are in a town which is celebrated for another branch of sport. There similarity ends, because the whole machinery of staff work has changed. I trust I am allowed to say that on the Western Front the war control can be divided into two very distinct sections: the fortress war, which is static; the war in No Man's Land, which is as bitter as anything in the fighting sense which took place in World War No. 1. The only difference is to be found in the number of troops engaged in the combats of to-day. In the last war thousands were hurled against strong points. To-day every soldier engaged in No Man's Land fighting is a self-contained unit, a division in miniature. The soldier of 1940 is distinctly not an automaton; he is perhaps mass-produced, but he contains a ticking machine, which for want of a better name I shall call a military brain.

A little time back I made a private vow I would not write more about the Maginot Line, but this vow I must break now, because it is hardly an exaggeration to say that many of the sub-divisions of the Allied War Brain are in the Line itself. In the last war we used to speak of "going up the Line," meaning going to the fighting front; now the front stays put, and instead of going up the Line, one goes into it, unless, of course one goes in front of the Line, which is an entirely different proposition and one with which I shall deal in a moment.

Yet, although I myself referred to the fortress warfare as being static, I would not like to give the impression of men in uniform standing about and waiting for something to happen. Take a glimpse at any P.C. (poste de commandement) in a subterranean passage. You will find it full of busy clerk-looking men; it might be any office in any big factory but for the fact that all the men are in uniform. Go to another part of the underground fortress, and it may take you longer to get there than it takes to go from London to Paris, and you will find another clerical staff, but this time working in connection with artillery control. I am purposely cutting out all the usual references to the marvels of the Maginot Line, I mean the steam-heated dormitories, the barbers' shops, the restaurants and cafés, the telephone exchanges and so forth, in order to give a small picture of the immense fortress from which 12-in. guns thunder when an unseen hand touches a button no bigger than your wireless switch.

This fortress warfare is a question of daily routine, but a routine in which millions of men play the part of cogs. I am unable to tell you how many hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of shells are fired from the Maginot Line even on the days when there is nothing to report, but you may be sure that most of us could retire in comfort on the income tax payable on the round figure. There are many days when long stretches of fortresses are silent, when even from within a few feet of the outer edge of the fortress one could not guess that beneath one's very feet men were dealing out death to unseen foemen, while others were drinking beer, totting up statistics, getting shaved, working out mathematical problems concerned with guns, taking violet ray treatment, and doing a million and one things which tiny cogs do in a big machine; making the wheels go round.

I am naturally writing of the Allied Army as a whole; my remarks take in the B.E.F. as well as their French brothers-in-arms, because there is only one joint communiqué, which seldom mentions either British or French as a separate unity. "Our patrols" can mean equally well a section of a West Country regiment, or *les gars Bretons*; they are all doing a united job of work.

There is no "British Front" and no "French Front." The fact may, and I think does, spoil

A FRENCH COMMANDANT IN HIS PRIVATE SNUGGERY DEEP IN THE MAGINOT LI —SURROUNDED BY HIS PRIVATE CHATTELS (AND HIS PIPES!)

IN THE SECURITY OF THE MAGINOT LINE: A French Army shoe repair shop, where the poilus' hobnailed boots are repaired "on the spot"

THE HUMOUR OF THE FRENCH POILU IS UNQUENCHABLE—HERE AN "OLD SOLDIER" HAS DUG OUT A CENTURIES OLD COACH AND RIGGED IT UP AS A SHELTER COMPLETE WITH ALL MODERN COMFORTS

resque war reporting, but there is no question that it adds to efficiency. On the other], the arrangements made to report the war llow the occasional mention of separate aerial vity on the Western Front, but it is not yet wed to make more than a brief and too- ing reference to the intense staff activity of the British and French aerial forces. Often n there is nothing to report many hundreds ours have been spent in the air; nothing tacular, no "dog fights," perhaps not even nemy machine sighted. Another question of r routine work; good jobs well done, but nothing to report. Yet, were it possible to l the divisional reports which are sent every to G.H.Q., there would be found enough py" to fill a newspaper, and very good reading e would be, too.

I am not trying to suggest that more news uld be circulated, because nobody can realise er than this writer that of news, in the ordinary se of the word, there is little or none, but the an stories abound; there are, indeed, not too ut too many to sort out in time to get them sored and printed. We may be sure, how- r, that when one reads there is "nothing," re are on the contrary plenty of things going not warfare as we understood it in the last , no "over the top and jolly good luck to ." nothing of that kind, but just daily living, dying, too.

et us now leave the Line behind us and take a look at No Man's Land, that strange battlefield ere guerrilla warfare is waged all round the k. I am one of those people who lack military derstanding; I can understand an attempt to e a position, a hill, a pass, perhaps even a section a trench, but what our Allies call a *coup de main*, raid, defeats me entirely. Mind you, the rmans are just as keen as ourselves on this type warfare, which is waged with varying fortune. metimes they grab a few prisoners, sometimes we ; sometimes they ambush some of our fellows, d sometimes we round up a section out on patrol. t, the point I want to make is that to the lay ind, it does not mean anything. Only, don't tell that to the men who spend long periods out fighting these passionate personal battles in the boggy No Man's Land of the Western Front "somewhere in France." They have a very different feeling about the matter. I have not the slightest idea how the Germans feel about these personal fights, but I am sure both the French and ourselves look upon them as a sort of sport; "rugger," say, with an element of real danger about it.

Here is a little picture for you. For military reasons it is necessary to establish a "strong point" in a certain part of No Man's Land. The place chosen is a small house which has already been battered by enemy cannon. Our purpose is to blow up what remains of the house and then immediately occupy the ruins and then fortify it. This is how this particular job was done. Imagine for yourself a small red brick house, hardly a villa, standing on the lower slope of a hill. I can visualise quite well M. and Madame Jean Durand and their two small children living there. M. undoubtedly built that house out of his savings. There would be a tiny patch of grass in front, and geraniums. Every morning about eight, M. would get on his bicycle and ride into town, where he worked, very likely, in the Fiscal Office. He must have been pretty proud of that little house, but he would not like to see it now. It was knocked about more than a little last September, but now . . .

Well, a handful of soldiers with their rifles creep out like Red Indians, the sort of game we played when we were children, but it is not a game this afternoon. They are in a semi-circular position on the lowest edge of the slope.

Three or four men crawl into the half-ruined house and begin to mine the foundations. They work quickly, because you never know when a shell may come hurtling right into the middle. The job is nearly completed; one man is left; he works very swiftly, he is putting the Bickford cord ready; now he is about to touch it off. Ready, you men? Up she goes; the end of the red brick villa of M. Jean Durand. Before the dust has settled, there is a rush and a scamper. We are in the ruins, the sort of ruin Bairnsfather used to draw in the other war. You remember?

There are a few moments of tension. Is the Boche going to take notice? Maybe he has the place taped, maybe not. If he has there will be casualties. This time Herr Boche does nothing at all. Picks and shovels go hard at it; sacks full of earth; sandbags; loopholes; a machine-gun emplacement. My, my, what would Madame Durand think of all this? A Frenchman's home has become one of his country's "strong points." But it is quite likely that a few hours later one of the higher ups will decide it doesn't matter. War is like that.

P.C. (OR POSTE DE COMMANDEMENT) IN A SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE, "FULL OF BUSY CLERK-LOOKING MEN; IT MIGHT BE ANY OFFICE IN ANY BIG FACTORY BUT FOR THE FACT THAT ALL THE MEN ARE IN UNIFORM"

If you like to put on a thick overcoat and drape yourself with hand grenades so that you look like a grim Christmas tree, you may come out on a patrol. We are going to a small village which stands in No Man's Land, on the very verge of the Franco-German frontier; in fact, it was once in German hands and it has been in French hands, and now it is just a little orphan but, curiously enough, not knocked about.

These patrols are full of surprise items. You may fall over a trip-wire and set off a mine which will take you to "kingdom come," or you may find a yelping dog, and when you go to see what is the matter, you and all your pals will either wake up in hospital or else not wake. On the other hand, there may be a burst of machine-gun fire; then you know that your friend the enemy is also out on patrol. Now, these things are, firstly, important to you; secondly, important to your commanding officer and so on, right up to the general commanding the division, but, you may say, the higher the fewer; the higher it goes, the less interesting the information becomes.

Here we are. The village has one street, blocked at both ends with overturned hay carts and things like that. You have to play another game from childhood days: round the house without touching the house. You are in the High Street. Right high up on the wall of what used to be a smithy's shop are three words written in black paint. The words are: "*Rasez les murs*." Literally: "Shave the walls," meaning keep close to the walls as you go, or else . . . . *les Boches* will get you if you don't watch out. Back to your base. The officer in charge of the patrol sends in his notes. On they go, and on. And on. They are in Advance Headquarters. On they go. Eventually comes the moment for drafting the night communiqué. You stretch out your hand for your morning newspaper. "Nothing to report."

Gosh!

STRANGE CARGOES

Encountered by the Contraband Control in Neutral and Enemy Vessels

NEATLY TIED BUNDLES OF BARK

A naval search party is examining the cargo of a vessel which has been detained at a Contraband Control Station. The work is carried out as speedily as possible. Here a cargo of bark was being examined. *Above on left* is the Minister of Economic Warfare, Mr. Ronald Hibbert Cross

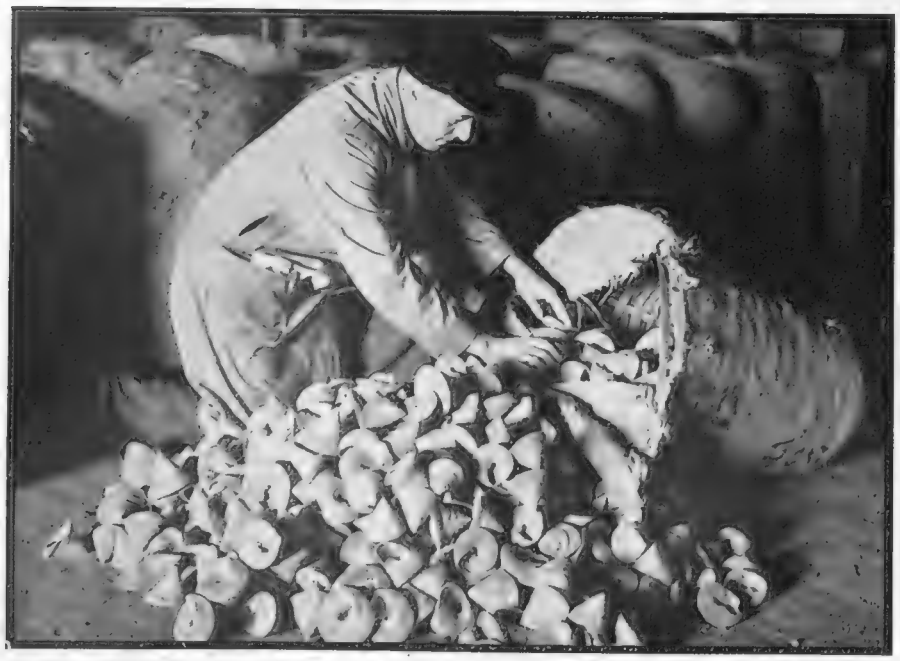
700 BUNDLES OF RATTAN CANE

The rattan or ratan cane chiefly comes from the East Indies. It is of extraordinary toughness and flexibility and is used for a variety of purposes. In peace-time a small quantity would be used for making rattan walking sticks or canes, but in war-time big quantities would probably be destined to be turned into ropes or cables

SACKS FULL OF BLEACHED BONES

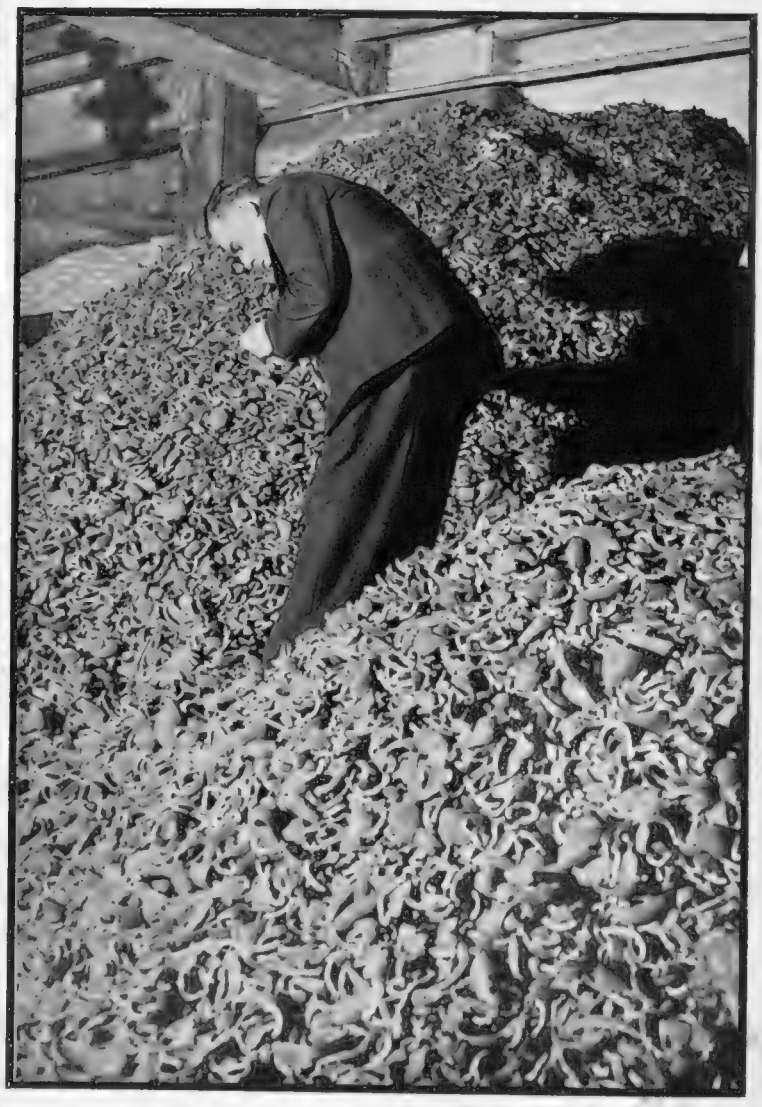
On this page are shown some of the strange cargoes which come within the scope of the British Order in Council issued at the end of last November concerning the stopping of all ships carrying German exports. A system has been devised of getting a certificate certifying that there are no German goods on board, and with this "Navicert" ships are passed through the blockade. It was recognised in Napoleon's time that though "the arbitrary behaviour of the English is inconvenient, the Continental despotism is infinitely more dangerous"

DRIED EGG-YOLK AND ALBUMEN



BASKETFUL OF SEA SHELLS

The oddest materials and natural products come under the heading of articles useful to the enemy. Here is a basketful of cone-shaped shells which are not required as seaside window ornaments



A MASS OF COPRA

This £12,000 consignment of copra (dried coconut) was a serious loss to Germany. Copra is used in the making of soap—and after further treatment, for edible purposes. The remaining oil-cake is of value for manufacturing foodstuffs

ULSTER'S WAR EFFORT

In War and Home Work Northern Ireland is Showing Great Energy

HELPING TO CLOTHE THE ARMY

Northern Ireland is well equipped to help in the Home Front campaign with her numerous weaving mills. In consequence, the mills and factories of the Belfast district are humming with activity and are turning out a big variety of articles of clothing required for the Army, Navy and Air Force

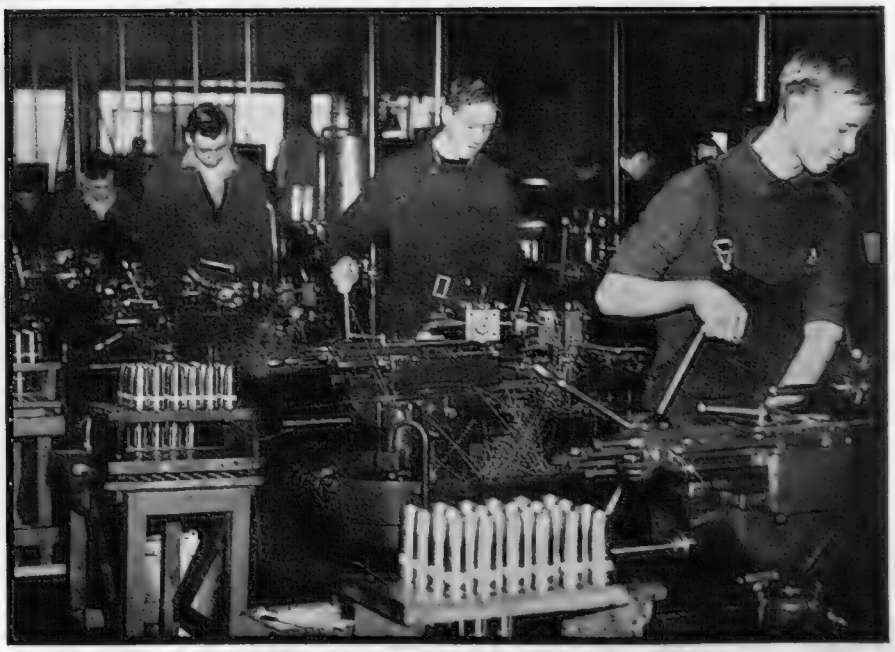
ULSTER'S YOUTH TRAINS FOR THE AIR SERVICES

Northern Ireland in common with the rest of the British Empire is playing an important part in the war. This group was taken at an Ulster R.A.F. station where Ulster's youth are trained as gunners for the Fleet Air Arm and R.A.F. and from which bombers leave on continuous patrol duties throughout the day. The instructor is here shown having a quiet informal talk during an air-gunnery lesson

ULSTER GROWS MORE FOOD AND FLAX: The difficulty in Northern Ireland is obtaining labour, implements and power for ploughing the land. Naturally, land that has been laid to grass for many years does not carry either implements or horses to supply the power for tillage. To overcome this difficulty the Government have already facilitated acquisition of 1,000 tractors. Suitable men are now being trained with the tractors at Greenmount Agricultural College, Muckamore, near Antrim. These men, on completion of training, either purchase their own tractor (which can be done on easy terms arranged by the Ministry of Agriculture) and hire themselves and tractor to farmers to plough their land (at a rate fixed by the Government) or else they are engaged as drivers by farmers who own their own tractors

AT WORK ON THE HOME AND MILITARY FRONTS

The flax spinning mills for which Ulster is justly famous are working at high pitch. Linen goods for the Services are being turned out, as well as splendid damasks for the export trade to the U.S.A.



A NORTH IRELAND FACTORY HELPS IN SHELL PRODUCTION

Enormous numbers of small shell are required by the Army and Navy and here again Ulster factories are pulling their weight. These special lathes are turning out bodies and noses for anti-tank guns

SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION

The

FLEET AIR ARM—

"The Navy that Flies"

With Special Articles, Drawings and Diagrams

A BAFFIN AIRCRAFT RETURNS TO ITS PARENT SHIP AFTER A FLIGHT: *The aircraft-carrier in this case is H.M.S.* Eagle, *which was formerly a battleship, and which was converted to her present purpose in 1924*

AIRCRAFT IN H.M. SHIPS

The Navy's Own Air Force

Described by FRANK C. BOWEN

CONTRARY to general belief, the Fleet Air Arm does not control all the aircraft which are used at sea; the coastal patrol flying boats which have done such gallant work convoying merchantmen and attacking German submarines are, for instance, under the Royal Air Force. The Navy is only concerned with the planes which are carried in H.M. ships and which operate for them, and of these the greater number are in the aircraft-carriers which have received full publicity and about which the general public is very well informed. There are, however, a large number of surface warships of various kinds, ranging from the biggest capital ships to small cruisers, which carry seaplanes and amphibians for their own strictly naval purposes, launching them by catapult and recovering them from the water alongside by crane, and these receive very little public notice except in such unusual circumstances as when one was able to give information of the *Admiral Graf Spee* having found safe refuge in Uruguayan territorial waters. Yet they certainly deserve mention.

During the late war a certain number of small planes of very limited ability were carried in battleships and cruisers, but they were apt to interfere with the essential fighting qualities of both types and were not highly regarded in spite of the hard work that their people put in. It was the perfection of the launching catapult which made all the difference, and although the idea had attained some success as long ago as 1903, it was not until after the Great War, when the Service had time to pay proper attention to such things, that it was made really effective. The United States Navy led the world for some years, but in 1925, after long experiments, H.M.S. *Vindictive* was given a catapult over the hangar fitted forward of her bridge, which gave surprisingly satisfactory results, although its position was not by any means ideal from the ship's viewpoint. Both in experiments and on active service in the China station, however, it proved that planes could be successfully launched in this way and could do good work, so that those who were experimenting with the principle received great encouragement.

Now nearly all fighting ships are fitted with catapults, but the work of their planes is essentially for reconnaissance, spotting the fall of shot and correcting the aim of the guns, which incidentally can often overcome the concealment of a smoke screen, and protection from submarine attack, for a plane can very often see a submarine many feet below the surface. They will, of course, undertake other work if necessary, but normally the offensive operations are left to the land machines attached to the carriers, able to land on their broad decks when they are spent, for they can fly faster and carry heavier weights than those fitted with floats or buoyant hulls to alight on the water.

After the first successful experiments, measures were taken to fit a number of ships already at sea with planes and catapult launching gear, and by the spring of 1936 the First Lord of the Admiralty was able to inform the House of Commons that twenty-nine capital ships and cruisers had been so equipped, and that thirty-seven aircraft had been embarked in them. Not all of these installations were a complete success and some were later taken out, but the majority were eminently practical and improvements were constantly being effected. The pioneer aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, a converted cargo ship which used her planes by very primitive means during the Dardanelles operations, did extraordinarily useful work carrying out the experiments which led to the improvements, both under her original name and as the *Pegasus*.

The first catapults fitted were mostly of the turntable type, housed fore and aft when they were not in use and swung outboard to varying degree for taking the greatest advantage of the wind in launching their planes. It was often very difficult to fit them into ships which had been designed with every spare foot of their deck space occupied for fighting purposes, and sometimes they had to be fitted on a high pedestal which exposed

ADMIRAL OF THE "ARK ROYAL": Vice-Admiral L. V. Wells, with Flag-Lieutenant Wyldebore-Smith, discussing technical problems in the stern walk next to the admiral's cabin in H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. The comic Nazi reports relating to the "sinking" of this aircraft-carrier stated that the stern of *Ark Royal* was completely destroyed before she sank. The pictures reproduced on pp. 18–21 of this issue, taken since her return to England, show how true the German reports were! On the contrary, in this very stern walk there is a souvenir gained by *Ark Royal* from the U-boat 39 which, after missing the aircraft carrier with two torpedoes in the Atlantic, was sunk by the destroyer screen. Needless to say, in accordance with British custom, the German U-boat crew were rescued

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

A BOW VIEW OF H.M.S. "ARK ROYAL" AS SHE ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH FOR REVICTUALLING AND REFUELLING. THE WHITE ENSIGN STILL FLOATS ABOVE HER FLIGHT DECK: Reported sunk by the Nazi wireless, H.M.S. *Ark Royal* has just returned home for refuelling and revictualling. Lying at her berth at Portsmouth, the huge aircraft-carrier presents a picture of grim efficiency in her war-time coat of grey. No battle scars, or even a scratch from warlike action, disturb the exterior or interior of this great vessel; although attacked by U-boats and by hostile aircraft, *Ark Royal* during her long spell of sea duty still continues to function with the same precision for which she was originally designed. Almost immediately after she had been "sunk" on the radio, *Ark Royal* left home waters for the South Pacific, where the sixty-one aircraft aboard surveyed 5,000,000 square miles, during the course of which German raiders and shipping were harried unmercifully. The culmination of these operations was the action off Montevideo, in which the *Graf Spee* met her destiny. Now that these pictures have been published, and neutral journalists have actually seen the vessel at Portsmouth, it will be interesting to learn what the German pilot who "sank" the *Ark Royal* will have to say! *On left*—A seaplane, with folded wings, on the aircraft-carrier, being lowered by lift to the hangar

DURING HER STAY AT PORTSMOUTH A MOBILE CRANE AND TRACTOR ARE BEING EMPLOYED TO TEST THE TENSION OF THE ARRESTER WIRES WHICH SPAN THE ENORMOUS FLIGHT DECK OF THE "ARK ROYAL": The technique of flying from the deck of an aircraft-carrier is comparatively new—and very difficult—for the newcomer to this type of aviation! To begin with, the familiar aerodrome—with its acres and acres of ground space—is absent. Although it is true that only a small strip of the land aerodrome is used for landings or take-offs, it is always consoling to have plenty of elbow room. When flying is in progress the carrier is always headed into wind, so that the pilot has the run of the whole deck. Coming in to land is a difficult business, as the ship is always rising and falling with the waves. Should the pilot look as if he is about to overshoot or undershoot, officers on the deck with flags signal him to go round once again. Quite a serviceable code has been worked out for such occasions. Once on the deck, however, the landing run is quickly checked by means of the arrester gear seen in the picture above

Instruction in flying, navigation, and gunnery is part of the preliminary training of the Navy's airmen: a good grounding in all of these is given the young pilots

Two happy sailors receive instruction from an old hand in the art of wearing their new and complicated flying equipment before setting out on a flight

THE NAVY THAT FLIES — HOW THE FLEET AIR ARM PERSONNEL IS TRAINED AT THE NAVY'S S

SPECIAL SPHERE SECTION

SAILOR into AIRMAN

How the Men of the Fleet Air Arm Are Trained

Described by NOEL THOMPSON

PROBABLY by far the least publicised of the fighting forces in the present war has been the Fleet Air Arm. That they have been extremely active goes without saying, but their sphere has not lent itself to the spectacular. That phase has yet to come, and no one is waiting for it with more confidence nor more eagerly than the personnel of the flying branch of the Navy.

It is less than a year, last May to be exact, since the Fleet Air Arm came into separate existence from the R.A.F., yet it has a long waiting list, and has been able to hand-pick men of the finest type for some of the most arduous and difficult tasks of the war. In fact, I shall probably make myself unpopular, but shall risk it, by saying that man for man they can probably justify the claim made for them officially that they are even more efficient than our magnificent R.A.F. Certainly they have a longer and harder training.

One of the few occasions in which the Fleet Air Arm has been "in the news" was the Battle of the River Plate. H.M.S. *Exeter* was damaged early in the battle, too soon, in fact, for the aeroplane to be catapulted, but the Seafox from H.M.S. *Ajax* took off and did valuable spotting work during the battle, and doubtless also reported with not unmixed feelings that the *Graf Spee* had been so damaged that her aeroplane could not take off, otherwise there might have been a thrilling air duel above the battle proper.

First line of the Fleet Air Arm is, of course, the aircraft-carrier, and the most numerous type of aeroplane on them is the Swordfish, a three-seater torpedo spotter reconnaissance, known for short as a T.S.R. Its crew consists of a pilot, observer and air gunner.

Let me take each man in turn. The pilot is either a naval officer, a short-service man belonging to the Air Branch of the Navy, or a man with a temporary commission for the duration of hostilities from the R.N.V.R. Air Branch.

Originally he will be trained by the R.A.F. with a full course of ordinary flying, formation flying, gunnery, etc. He has nine months training, towards the end of which he is allotted to specialised work, and selected for catapult training or detailed to the T.S.R.s or fighters, according to his capabilities.

He differs from the R.A.F. in that he must know how to take off and land from a moving ship, and also on water in all kinds of conditions. And in either case landing is just as difficult the hundredth time as the first time. There is never a chance to be careless or over confident. Each landing has to be made with the same exact 100 per cent. judgment of speed, angle of approach, and accuracy of stopping.

Under war training, all pilots and observers are ratings, by a system which can be compared with the Officers' Cadet Training Units of the Army. When the rating becomes a qualified pilot he gets his commission, which goes by naval rank, working up from midshipman to sub-lieutenant, lieutenant, etc.

The observer similarly has a nine months course, the first three months of which are entirely ground work, signals, fire control and so on, at an ordinary naval establishment. Actually Ford is No. 1 Observer School and Lee-on-Solent, shortly to be moved to Yelverton, is No. 2. There he will learn his duties of reconnaissance, navigation, spotting (fall of shot), communication, bombing, photography for oblique and vertical pictures, meteorology, and sufficient airmanship to be able to fly and land the aeroplane if necessary.

I have not listed these in their order of importance nor mentioned astronomy, which he will polish up. Navigation is by far the greatest part of his work.

The observer in the Swordfish, the amphibians of the Walrus type, or the Seafoxes has to be a complete expert in finding his way about the barren spaces of the sea without a landmark of any kind to help him. From the time he leaves the ship on a patrol which will probably last five hours and take him anything up to 150 miles away, he must be plotting the course, allowing for wind drift which will vary at different heights and be able to find the moving parent ship again, possibly at dusk, unerringly.

When I tried to emphasise the difficulty of this to a group of friends they unanimously remarked, "But he can keep in touch by wireless." That is exactly what he cannot do. Wireless is cut down to a minimum, because signals can so easily be picked up by the enemy and the exact position of the aircraft-carrier or parent ship traced thereby with complete accuracy. Only as a last resort can wireless be used, except, of course, when an aeroplane spots enemy ships or a submarine, or when reporting on the fall of shot during a battle. It must all be done by dead reckoning.

In addition, with the other aeroplanes, the observer is responsible for quartering the area of search minutely, so that not a square mile is unobserved, and this calls for great accuracy and skill. He must know, too, how to fix exactly the position of anything he spots, so as to be able to tell the parent ship. He is also the wireless expert on coding and signals. In addition, as must all three members of the crew, he has to be constantly on the look out.

No. 3 in the crew is the air gunner, whose main job is to live up to his name. He is also the wireless operator and keeps a constant listening watch, keeps communication with other aircraft, and sends out all signals.

His training starts on the ground at the Signals School at Portsmouth, and continues, after three months, at an air gunnery

HOW THE FLEET AIR ARM RECEIVE THEIR TRAINING—INSTRUCTION IN THE

Instruction in gunnery is a most important part of the future airman's training at the shore establishment. Many of the lessons are given in the actual cockpit of a plane

Rating pilots receive last-minute instructions from a flying instructor of the F.A.A. prior to taking off for a training flight in a two-seater biplane

SHORE ESTABLISHMENTS BEFORE GOING OUT TO SHIPS AT SEA FOR ACTUAL WAR-TIME FLYING DUTIES

school such as Withydown (No. 1) or Eastleigh (No. 2). At the air gunnery school he will spend another four and a half months doing air training, gunnery, and more wireless. In the latter case, he must know not only all that an R.A.F. expert must know, but also all the naval signalling and procedure, and visual signalling.

I should have said earlier, of course, that all members of the Fleet Air Arm have a basic naval training to start with, and do ship's duties when afloat, such as Officer of the Watch, and Divisional Officer. Naturally they have no action stations because they will presumably be in the air.

The main duties then of the Air Arm T.S.R. craft are anti-submarine patrol and convoying, anti-aircraft patrol, spotting fall of shot during an engagement and lastly as a striking force armed with torpedoes and bombs. When the plane carries torpedoes the crew is reduced to two, a pilot and an air gunner. The attack will probably be made in formation with two observers acting as navigators for the whole flight, and the gunners at work on inter-communication and defence.

The second main type of machine is the fighter, with a crew of two—pilot and observer or air gunner—again working in formation, protecting the Fleet against bombers and also protecting our bombers.

Promotion follows the usual Navy rules. Air gunners are usually ratings, and ratings can, after special training, become petty officers with the title of rating pilot or rating observer. In fact, on most capital ships there are two aircraft, manned by one officer pilot, one rating pilot, one officer observer, and one rating observer. Curiously enough, though I tried hard to trace any nickname for the Fleet Air Arm there appears to be none, or at any rate, if there is they appear to be unaware of it, They are just known as F.A.A. (or Fleet Air Arm), and the slang is purely naval, such as "into the drink" for going into the sea (which is not an R.A.F. term originally).

Since May the Fleet Air Arm has taken over several R.A.F. stations for their own purposes and later there will be more. The expansion of personnel has been done at a terrific rate. In two years it has been doubled, and in another two years it will be comparable with the R.A.F. of five years ago before it began the big expansion. As for the rate of pay, it is naval pay plus 6s. a day flying pay for officers; ratings get 4s. 6d. flying pay, and air gunners, who might be compared with the able-bodied seamen, get 2s. 6d. to 3s. flying pay.

The responsible authority at the Admiralty is the Fifth Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Royle, while in charge of all naval air stations is Admiral Bell-Davies, stationed at Lee-on-Solent. He was a pilot in the last war, and the Fleet Air Arm is proud of him as the only admiral pilot.

Well, that is a picture of the duties of the Fleet Air Arm and how the men are trained for the newest fighting branch of the services. With the combined attractions of the Navy and of the Air, there is little wonder that there is a long waiting list of applicants.

It remains only to tell a story, which may or may not be true, of one Air Arm pilot who was forced to land in a small harbour on the west coast of Ireland for repairs to his engine. He went ashore, reported to the harbour master, and fetched a mechanic to assist him. Three hours later he took off, and the harbour master duly entered the matter in his report. Dublin was furious and asked him why he had not interned the machine, since Ireland was neutral. To which came the reply.

"And what should I be doing, cluttering up my harbour with that big machine? And the man was so charming I could not believe that we were after being neutral against him."

THE LEWIS GUN IN THE OBSERVERS' CLASS AT H.M.S. "PEREGRINE"

FUTURE PILOTS OF THE FLEET AIR ARM RECEIVING A LESSON IN MACHINE-GUN CONSTRUCTION

HOW A GERMAN BOMB BURIED ITSELF HARMLESSLY ON GRASSLAND DURING THE AIR ATTACK ON THE ORKNEYS AND SCAPA FLOW

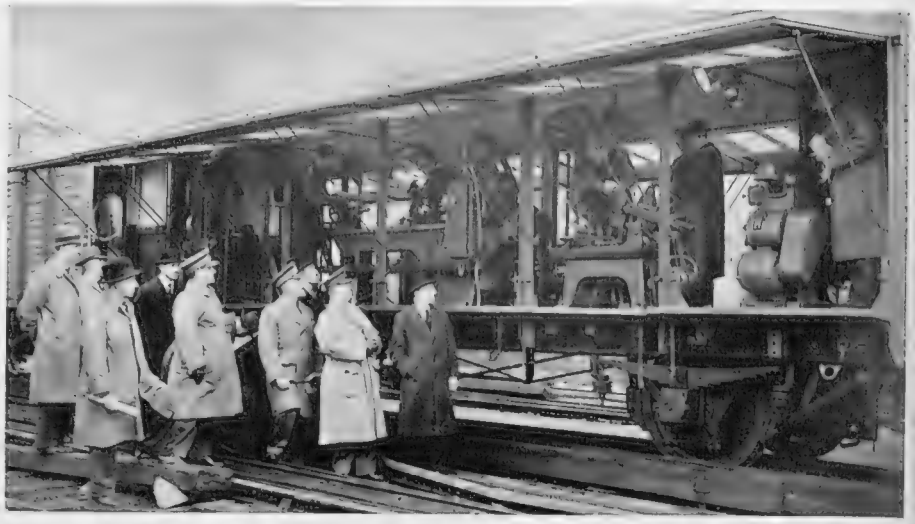
A ROW OF SINGLE-STOREY COTTAGES—TYPICAL OF THE ORKNEYS—AT BRIDGE OF WAITH PARTLY DAMAGED DURING THE RAID

THE SLATES WERE BLOWN OFF AND THE WINDOWS BLOWN IN AT THIS LITTLE HOUSE AT BRIDGE OF WAITH

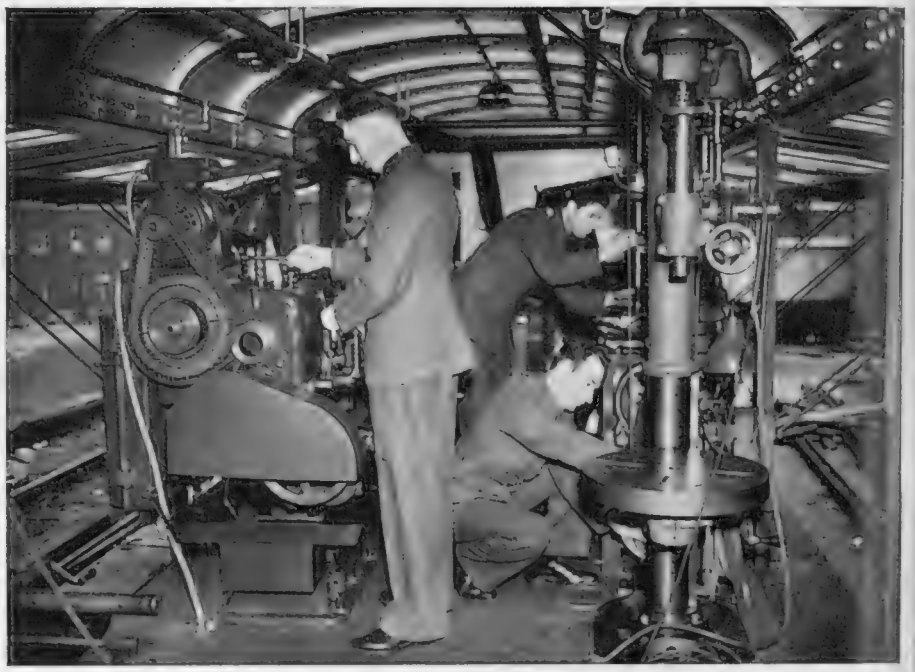
THE AIR ATTACK ON THE ORKNEYS

These views of the little Orkney village which received the unwanted attentions of fourteen German bombers shows how small were the targets of the German bombs. One man was killed and seven other villagers, including two women, were injured. The severest damage was experienced by the little cottage shown immediately above. Here the bomb fell only four or five feet away; the front wall and the whole of the roof have caved in

B.E.F.'s FIRST MOBILE RAILWAY WORKSHOP



MAJOR-GENERAL G. S. SZLUMPER, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF TRANSPORTATION AND MOVEMENTS, INSPECTING THE NEW MOBILE RAILWAY WORKSHOP JUST COMPLETED



THE MACHINE TOOLS IN THE MOBILE RAILWAY WORKSHOP HAVE BEEN CLEVERLY PLACED SO AS TO BE HANDY TO WORK AND YET TAKE UP LITTLE SPACE

Above—ENGINEERS AT WORK IN ONE OF THE THREE CARS FORMING THE NEW MOBILE RAILWAY WORKSHOP

A mobile railway workshop which has just been completed for the Ministry of Supply for use with the B.E.F. in France was on view at Waterloo Station recently. The workshop is the first of a number designed to enable service repairs to be carried out in forward areas in France, instead of at base depots. Each workshop unit consists of three covered vans—modified to suit the requirements of the French Railways—containing power plant, machine tools and stores.

On left—ALL KINDS OF MEDIUM REPAIRS CAN BE UNDERTAKEN BY THESE CLEVERLY THOUGHT-OUT TOOLS

BRITAIN'S CIVIL AVIATION CARRIES ON

PASSENGERS BY AIR MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR THEIR JOURNEY AT THE AIRPORT OFFICE, WHILE OTHERS AWAIT THE DEPARTURE OF THEIR PARTICULAR AIRCRAFT

AN INTENDING OUTWARD-BOUND PASSENGER HAVING HIS PAPERS EXAMINED BY A HOME OFFICE OFFICIAL BEFORE GETTING ON BOARD

Despite the war it is still possible to fly from England to many European countries. In some cases there are several services daily and there is rarely a vacant seat in any plane. Possibly it is the enemy's murderous attacks on merchant shipping which has added to the popularity of this mode of travel.

Above — PASSENGERS ALIGHTING FROM A BELGIAN PLANE AT A BRITISH AIRPORT: The plane bears the country's nationality in large black letters

On left—NEUTRAL PILOTS MEET AND DISCUSS THEIR EXPERIENCES OF FLYING UNDER WAR CONDITIONS: They are, from left to right—Captain V. Pacco (Belgian), Captain Joseph Bloom (Belgian), and Captain H. H. A. Kooper (Dutch)

In addition to the European air connections mentioned above it is satisfactory to be able to record that the main Empire air routes are functioning well, in spite of all the disabilities of war-time conditions.

ALTHOUGH THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" DEPENDED CHIEFLY ON HER SPEED FOR SAFETY, BOMB SHELTERS WERE PROVIDED AT VARIOUS PLACES ON THE GIANT SHIP

IT IS ALWAYS PLEASANT TO READ ABOUT ONESELF: THIS SENSATION WAS ENJOYED BY MEMBERS OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" CREW ON VISITING A NEW YORK BAR

THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH'S" BOW ANCHOR

Among the special features of the great Cunard liner is the extra bow anchor provided at the very stem itself. As the stem is forged in one piece the arrangements for this extra bow anchor have to be cleverly devised. Seamen like this anchor as it puts less strain on a vessel

ARMOURERS CLEANING AND OVERHAULING THE GUNS OF SPITFIRES: THIS IS DONE AFTER EVERY FLIGHT IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN USED

MECHANICS CARRYING A SPITFIRE PROPELLER TO A WAITING MACHINE: THESE PROPS. EACH COST SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF POUNDS

SOME OF THE FIGHTER PILOTS: ON THE RIGHT IS WING-COMMANDER FARQUHAR, D.F.C., WHO HAS TWO ENEMY BOMBERS TO HIS CREDIT

AIRCRAFT IDENTIFICATION: The fighter pilot must be able instantly to recognise a German aircraft he has never seen before, and know as well the blind spot of that particular aircraft so that he may attack in the most favourable position. Accordingly he studies silhouettes of German aircraft and examines models in various positions. Here the three pilots are studying some well-constructed little models—(left to right): Me 109 Messerschmitt, Junkers 87, Heinkel 111, and Junkers 52

POLITICIANS AND THE AIR CANNON

A Little Gentle Criticism—By *CHARLES G. GREY*

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

THIS queer war has upset all calculations. We were fairly well prepared for a *blitzkrieg*, and then, as an intelligent young working woman remarked, the Germans let us down. So for six months we have had every chance of increasing our protective forces. Sir Kingsley Wood made some quite reassuring statements in the House before the Easter holidays, and there is every reason to believe that our output of aeroplanes and aero-motors and everything that belongs to them is greater than that of the Germans; but still there is room for improvement.

Goodness knows there is reason enough to abuse most of our politicians, but the Air Ministry has been lucky up to the present. Sir Kingsley Wood does not profess to be an engineer or an airman, but he has done a lot to boost production. From the day when he was appointed, Sir Kingsley has gone round factory after factory in the aircraft industry talking to workpeople and encouraging them to further efforts. And he has a cheery and cheering way with him which goes down well. Also, the Production Department of the Air Ministry was erected in his time, if it was not his own invention.

There is a certain faction in this country and in the Air Force itself which wants to start bombing enemy aerodromes, and aircraft stores and factories, and the sources of raw material. They may be right and they may be wrong, but that sort of thing leads to indiscriminate bombing, because when one gets down to brass tacks everybody in the country is either actively making munitions or is indirectly interested in making munitions, or is otherwise helping in the progress of the war.

If the War Cabinet as a whole does not think that warfare of that sort is advisable, then that is the affair of the War Cabinet. But there is no good in abusing Sir Kingsley Wood for it.

Nor is there any good in abusing Captain Harold Balfour, our Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air. He has done as much to encourage the youngsters in the R.A.F. as Sir Kingsley has done to encourage the workpeople in the factories and the people at large. Before war was declared Captain Balfour—who insisted on going and winning a Military Cross in France in the last war when he might have had a comfortable job at home at the Gosport School of Special Flying instructing instructors how to instruct—had already increased the confidence of the Air Force in its equipment by flying every aeroplane which was reported to him as being tricky or dangerous to fly.

After flying the Vickers Supermarine Spitfire and the Hawker Hurricane, both of which have done so well since war was declared, he said that they were nice quiet aeroplanes for middle-aged gentlemen. They probably are, after the machines which he flew in 1915–18, which had a habit of turning round and biting, or spinning into the ground, if one relaxed one's vigilance for a moment.

Even when he is addressing his constituents in the Isle of Thanet, Captain Balfour talks sense.

For example, at Margate the other day in the heart of his constituency he announced two facts which must have been comforting to the whole Air Force, even though they may not have meant as much to the independent voters who were listening to him. One was that our air cannon are now in full swing of production, the other was that we have newer and much faster fighters coming along which will soon be delivered.

That is good news, but one would like to know why we had no cannon in regular use in our R.A.F. squadrons when war was declared and why our newest and fastest fighters have not yet been in action, although two of them at least were shown momentarily to a gathering of M.P.s and foreign observers at Northolt Aerodrome in July, 1939, after a display of standard R.A.F. types. That is the kind of thing about which criticism of the Air Ministry is properly justified.

There is nothing new about air cannon. They were used during the War 1914–18. The first thing of the sort was used in conjunction with a specially-designed Hispano Suiza water-cooled aero-motor. It had twelve cylinders arranged in a V with a big camshaft in the middle of the V, and a rifle calibre machine-gun firing through the middle of it. The airscrew was mounted on one end, so the gun fired out of the centre of the airscrew, and there was no need for an interrupter gear or synchronising gear to check the firing of the machine-gun so that it did not fire bullets through the blades of the airscrew as they passed the muzzle.

Three crack French pilots, Fonck, Guynemer and Nungesser, were sent up to try the first three guns of the kind. Legend says that Fonck brought down three Germans with three successive shots. What happened to Nungesser's cannon is not known, but Guynemer, according to the story, brought down two Germans with two successive shots, and at the third shot the breech of the gun blew out and nearly blew his jaw off.

The Germans have been using a variant of that gun since this war was declared. And quite definitely we had none as regular equipment of the R.A.F. at that time. Now we learn from Captain Balfour that our air cannon have helped to bring down enemy aeroplanes already, which will be a great satisfaction to the R.A.F.

One can get up a frightful argument in any R.A.F. mess on the merits and demerits of the air cannon. There is quite a strong school of thought which believes that eight machine-guns

THE R.A.F. TRY THEIR HAND AT GLIDING: Twenty-five sergeant-pilots of the R.A.F. Training Command have been the guests of the London Gliding Club, where—as a change from somewhat faster Service aircraft—they have been flying gliders at 30 m.p.h. Air Commodore Critchley has been greatly impressed

MECHANICS AND ARMOURERS CHECKING OVER THE ENGINE AND GUNS OF A PLANE WHICH HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A FLIGHT

NO CHANCES TAKEN: REFUELLING SPITFIRES AND RELOADING THE EIGHT MACHINE-GUNS IN THE WINGS READY FOR THE PLANE TO TAKE OFF AGAIN

A VISIT TO A SCOTTISH FIGHTER STATION

Over forty of the German bomber and reconnaissance machines that have attempted to reach Great Britain have been destroyed by Fighter Command pilots. This Command is responsible for the defence at home from hostile air attack, which involves the co-ordination of fighter aircraft with other defence units such as anti-aircraft balloon barrages, etc. The pictures reproduced here were taken during a visit to a typical Scottish Fighter Station and show some of the work done by the personnel. This particular station belongs to a sector that can claim the largest "bag" of enemy aircraft brought down since the war began. There have been sixteen interceptions and nine raiders have been shot down. Two of the pilots have been awarded the D.F.C. The proud record of the Fighter Command is that not one of their fighter aircraft has been brought down in action against the enemy. The fighting pilots are always at the "ready" to take the air should the approach of enemy aircraft be reported; after each flight the machines are given an overhaul and the guns are checked over ready to take off once again

PILOTS, FULLY CLOTHED AND READY TO TAKE OFF AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, PASS THE TIME AWAY WITH A GAME OF CHESS

DUTY PILOTS IN THE REST ROOM (WITH TWO BULL TERRIER MASCOTS). NOTE THE LIFE JACKETS, ALWAYS WORN ON DUTY, AND THE PARACHUTES

one fighter can beat a single cannon every time. The other side will admit that the multiple gun has the advantage if you get to close quarters. But the argument for the cannon is that it can start shooting at a range which the eight machine-guns cannot reach.

The point rather seems to be that if an eight-gun fighter is attacking a bomber which has one cannon in its tail the gunner of the cannon may bring down the fighter before the fighter pilot is close enough to reach the bomber with his eight guns. But if the pilot of the fighter can get past, or under, or over, the cannon, and can get to close quarters, then obviously the multiple guns have it.

In attack the story is different. The gunner with the cannon can keep out of range of the machine-guns and just keep potting away at the bomber until he hits it or runs out of ammunition and has to go home for more.

That is the argument against the American flying fortresses. Mr. Bell, designer and maker of the Airacuda, a fine twin-motor fighter, with two big liquid-cooled motors driving pusher screws and carrying a gunner with a cannon in front of each motor, told the Chief of the U.S. Army Air Corps that every flying fortress he put into the air was another flying target for the gunners of the cannon-armed fighter.

The fact is obvious that no matter how many machine-guns you may have in a formation of big bombers, provided your fighters can get up to the height of the bombers, which all fighters cannot do, then the fighter can stand off out of range of the machine-guns of the bombers and, unless he is a very bad shot, he is bound to hit one of the bombers some time.

The need for the cannon was emphasised in a broadcast speech on March 23, when the speaker suggested that the armour which is now fitted round the gun position of the aft gunner in the big bombers is strong enough to deflect ordinary machine-gun bullets.

That is not surprising, because the ordinary machine-gun bullet, which is ·303-in. diameter (roughly one-third of an inch) is very easily deflected, largely by the speed of its own spin, if it does not hit a piece of armour plumb square. For months before the war people have been experimenting with a heavier machine-gun which carries a solid bullet of 20 mm. diameter, which is nearly three-quarters of an inch. That would be likely to penetrate armour which would keep out the ·303 bullet, but unless it hit anything vital it probably would just go in and go out. The small shells which have been used in the various motor-cannons of different nations are mostly 23 mm., which, as 25 mm. make an inch as nearly as no matter, is just under an inch in diameter.

Obviously in such a small size one cannot expect absolute reliability in the bursting of the shell. People talk gaily about fuses which will burst on grazing an obstacle or on touching ordinary wing fabric or balloon fabric. That is as may be, but there is a lamentable lack of faith in the dependability of those very small fuses.

But, about two years ago if my memory is right, a certain American firm produced a 37-mm. gun with ingenious and elaborate recoil mechanism which, so its purveyors say, can be used in any good modern aeroplane without strengthening of the structure of the aeroplane.

Now 37 mm. is as near as no matter an inch and a half. And that is a fairly hefty shell to fire out of such a comparatively flimsy structure as an aeroplane.

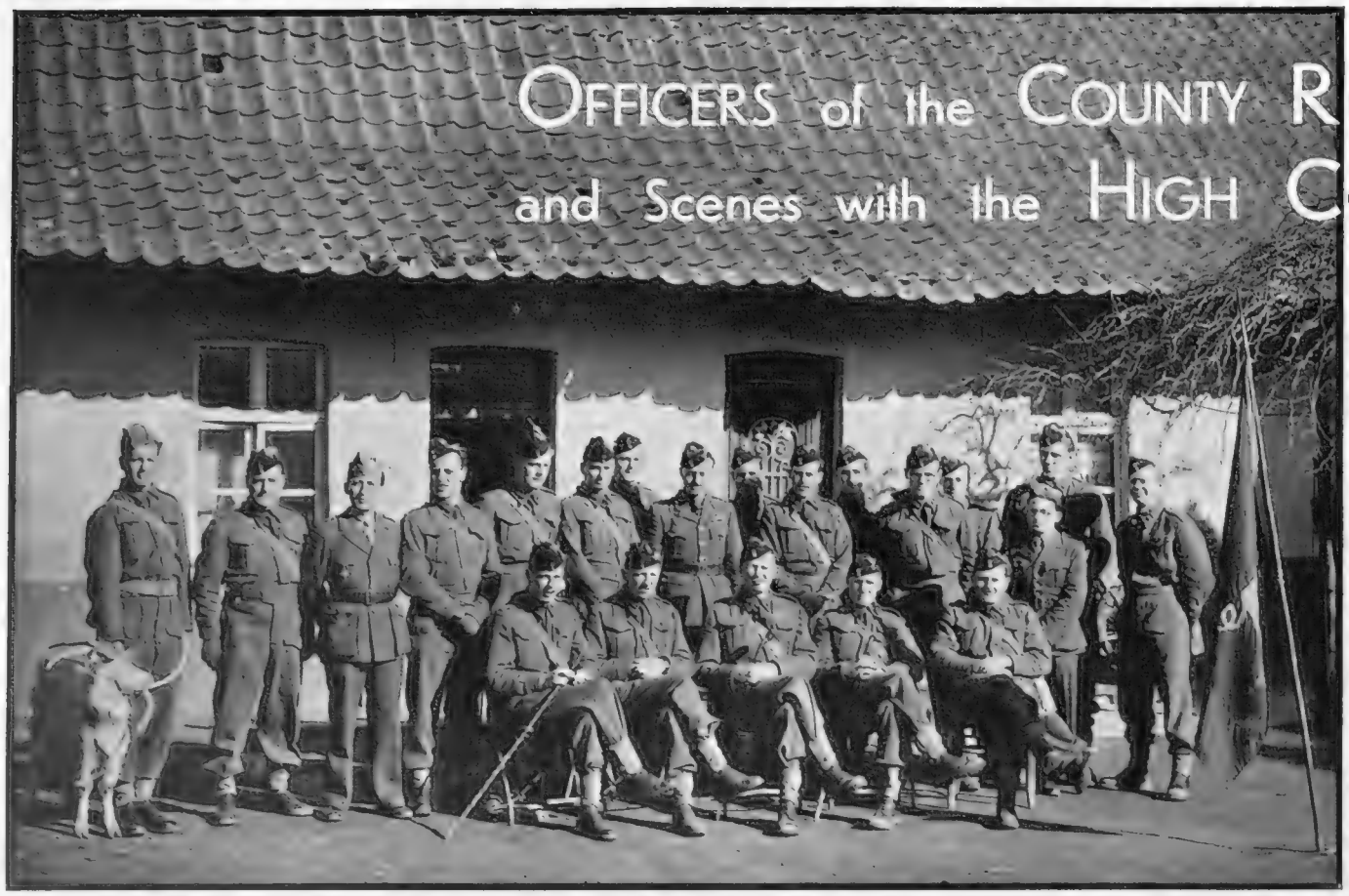
This 37-mm. gun was exhibited to all nations at the International Aero Show at Brussels in July last, a very few weeks before the outbreak of the war. So the Germans know all about it. I saw some of them acutely interested in it. Obviously the 37-mm. gun will outrange the 23-mm. gun, probably by a bigger percentage than the 23-mm. gun outranges the ordinary machine-gun. Consequently, if somebody produces colossal flying fortresses with batteries of 23-mm. guns, there will still be a possibility of one solitary fighter carrying a single 37-mm. cannon just following the big bomber around taking shots at it whenever it can be got at a favourable angle, while all the time remaining out of range of the 23-mm. guns.

Before war was declared that much was known to those of us who took an intelligent interest in machine-guns, so naturally people in the R.A.F., who are necessarily keenly interested, want to know why, considering that the 37-mm. gun has been on the market for a couple of years, the Air Ministry has done nothing about getting as good a gun or a better one.

Let us hope that, even though we may have the finest 23-mm. gun in the world, our armament experts will not sink into a state of comatose complacency, but will go ahead until they have developed a 37-mm. gun which is better than anything that any other nation has.

by the possibilities of glider-training for young Air Force pilots. The tests just made may be followed by a new scheme whereby pilots may receive a course in motorless flight. In the picture reproduced here some members of the week-end party are watching a colleague take the air in a primary trainer

OFFICERS of the COUNTY REGIMENTS and Scenes with the HIGH COMMAND in FRANCE



These officers of the Welch Fusiliers belong to a famous regiment. It was first raised in Wales in 1689 and began its service in Flanders under William of Orange and Marlborough. Destiny was to see it again in Flanders in August, 1914, where it distinguished itself in the first battle of Ypres and the defence of the Menin Road

OFFICERS OF THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY

On the left are officers of the Durham Light Infantry, the two battalions of which were originally the 68th and 106th Regiments. They fought with distinction in the Crimean and the South African wars and particularly during the Great War at the Butte de Warlencourt in 1916, where a monument has been erected to their honour. The East Yorks Regiment (*on right*) was raised at the time of Monmouth's rebellion. They also served in Flanders during Marlborough's campaigns

OFFICERS OF THE EAST YORKS REGIMENT

THE HIGH COMMAND ARRIVES BY AIR AT AN R.A.F. WING

The picture *on the left* and the one *above* were taken recently when General Lord Gort, V.C., Commander-in-Chief, toured an air component of the R.A.F. in France. He was piloted by Air Vice-Marshal Blount, A.O.C., and is here seen leaving the sergeants' mess after inspection

THE FINNISH TREK FROM SURRENDERED TERRITORIES ON THE KARELIAN ISTHMUS AND THE HANGOE PENINSULA

EVACUATING THE KARELIAN ISTHMUS

When the stunning news of the cession of the Karelian Isthmus broke upon the Finns, a great trek began of both the Army and the inhabitants of the district which had been so courageously defended. Long processions of horsed sleighs proceeded northwards, bearing goods of all kinds, accompanied by many people on foot

THE GREAT TREK AWAY FROM THE RUSSIANS

The little Finnish horses were all brought out to help in the removal of household goods. The animals here have quilts and carpets strapped on their backs while sleighs and carts are packed with clothing and other goods

FINNISH SOLDIERS EVACUATING VIIPURI WITH THEIR SKIS

The Finnish troops, tired as they were, could hardly believe that they were to surrender the strip of land for which they had fought so persistently. But there was nothing for it but a melancholy march through desolate Viipuri to the north-west

LEAVING THE HANGOE PENINSULA

Down the front steps comes the lady of the house directing the removal of her furniture, all evidently very neat and effective just as in the other little group shown in detail *on right*. Every picture from Finland enhances the contrast between shoddy, untidy Russia and this clean, well organised land. No single Finn elected to remain on in Hangoe

There are OTHER THINGS than WAR . . .

—Riding Memories of France; The Voice of Experience

A RIDING Tour Through Northern France, etc.—In the spacious and unhurried days of 1915–19 I took a leisurely tour on horseback through Northern France, Flanders, and into Germany. I rode for the most part a chestnut mare named June, standing but 15·2 hands, and I found her on the whole difficult to ride, though very easy in her settled paces. "Spacious" those days were, for during those years a grateful Government allowed me *four* horses for the exclusive use of myself and my two servants and our packs. I wonder what their keep cost and how much we contributed to the victory of the Allied arms. It was leisurely progress. In the winters we left our horses in billets and sought refuge in holes in the ground, and sometimes in summer and autumn we got in the way of infantry reinforcements and echelons during the great battles. Often, too, we doubled back on our tracks, so that the rural ride from Calais to Cologne occupied three and a half years.

CULTIVATING SEARCHLIGHT SITES: Members of a searchlight detachment returning from a tour of the local farms laden with plants and small trees for planting. The scheme for the cultivation of searchlight sites has a three-fold object. It helps to break the monotony of the men on duty; to provide them with a productive hobby and a supply of green vegetables; and to teach them a trade which will be of use to them later

During those years of the riding tour I "put up" at 107 billets and I daresay it may amuse some of my readers in France to-day if I recall the names of some of these lodgings for the night. Most of them bring back to me nothing whatever to-day. They are just names.

I will take a few at random but in sequence of date. In June, 1915, the riding tour was proceeding from Wormhoudt, just behind Ypres. Soon after we were doing brigade drill on the sands at Dunkerque.

The same damp autumn we were wading through the black and muddy main street of Marles-les-mines, surely one of the grimmest mining villages in Europe. Laires, Roquetoire, Givenchy (I remember well its flooded trenches). Desvres. Here we spent a winter, shooting occasionally with the local shop-keepers boar, pheasants, woodcock and rabbits.

The Hohenzollern Redoubt (a spell in the trenches, and I clearly remember the sinister Fosse 8). Sailly-la-bourse, Béthune (the battlefield of history), Dompierre (chateau well-remembered), Querrieu, little Somme village in front of Amiens, Longpré, Gamaches, Daours (with its famous caves in which all the inhabitants lived in security in the wars of the middle ages). The Carnoy valley of death. Occoches, Blangy-sur-Ternoise, La Beuvrière, Estaires, Merville, Frencq, Samer, Rosamel (with its old chateau and its carp in the moat which we fed on razor blades "disguised" as minnows), Méricourt, Metz-en-Couture. Marcoing and Flesquières (horrid remembrance of the battle of Cambrai). Smallfoot Wood and Vendelles (waiting for the March 21, 1918, attack).

Miséry (well named), Moreuil, Guerrieu, Amiens (we were running fast from the Germans now); Auxi-le-chateau (the push had spent itself).

And soon after we increased the speed of our riding tour. The Bosch was flying from us now. Estrées, Serain, Bertry, Séclin (Armistice Day), Tournai, Silly, Brain-le-Comte, Genappe, Namur, Huy, Waterloo (here at the farm of La Haye Sainte the XVth Hussars of our brigade tied up their horses to the same rings which the regiment had used in June, 1815, after Waterloo). Stavelot, Spa. And now at last we crossed the border into Germany. Aachen. Cologne. On the big bridge by the great Cathedral, my riding tour ended.

Just a memory, dim and feeble, of battles long ago. Yet (they tell us) we are a part of all that we have seen. If that be so, how greatly we underrate the importance of the sub-conscious in our little lives, how absurdly high we value the conscious.

The Right and Wrong Way.—I had a good example the other day of a very useful truth that there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. Perhaps (put like that) my truth sounds too obvious. Let me explain. I acquired recently a charming antique, a polished eighteenth-century case containing four decanters of old glass intended for spirits. The glass stopper of one of these decanters had got jammed and no method I could think of would move it. I tried hot oil; I tried hydrogen-peroxide to loosen the concrete wax round the jammed stopper; I tried soaking the bottle in very hot water, with the result that the glass stopper expanded with the glass decanter. I twisted, hammered and in final desperation applied pincers to the top.

Inevitably I should have smashed it at the next attempt. But a wise friend spared me that folly. "If anybody will know the right way, it will be a chemist. Ask him." I did. The chemist gave me a very simple solution. He said: "You must heat the bottle neck before the glass stopper is affected by heat. To do that, you must apply friction to the bottle neck. Twist two rounds of rough string round the bottle neck and draw the ends quickly and relentlessly backwards and forwards. While you are doing this friction to induce heat, let someone sit with the decanter between his knees, holding it firm, and pulling up on the stopper." After a minute of friction, the glass stopper came easily away! It was a miracle.

It taught me a lesson, which I have been slow to learn. The experience of the ages has harvested a rich store of knowledge about the right and wrong ways of doing everyday jobs and repairing everyday accidents. Now, I am blessed with a gardener who is a craftsman, a handyman and in his way a genius. I often work with him and am always made to feel my inferiority. I will never admit that *his* ways of doing ordinary garden or carpentering jobs are the only right ways. As an amateur, with thrice his education, I always refuse to believe that *his* ways cannot be improved on.

Thus, he would say there is only one way of effectively planting a shrub, or setting up a gate post, or raising a sunken section of turf, or putting a new washer into a tap, or refacing crumbling brick steps with cement, or what not. The incident of the stopper has taught me humility. My gardener is full of the stored wisdom of centuries of craftsmanship.

What he knows about his jobs is the bitterly won and essential wisdom gained by failure. What he says, is right. *Experto crede.* The amateur must bow to the professional. I tremble to assess the amount of damage I have done in my life by efforts not based on this essential wisdom won by experience.

Masterpieces—by Numbers.—Mr. Warren's *Nightrider* was acclaimed a masterpiece by many of those literary boards which set up to direct the taste of the reading public. What I think of those book society arbiters, English and American, is better left unsaid, and in any case I am too busy to find the words that adequately express my feelings.

A reading public that is satisfied to be told what it ought to read and admire is by me classed with people who hire an "expert" to furnish and decorate their new house, or with a vigorous, intelligent race that submits to be drilled and mentally emasculated by a gang of boors and thugs, or, if you please, to the Gadarene swine.

Having said so much, you will know that I was deceived by the puffs of *Nightrider* and was disappointed by the book. It bored me. It deals with a technical subject—the tobacco war in the States at the end of last century—and though it is not lacking in grim incident, it is also not lacking in dreary sex matter.

But my quarrel with it and with scores of American and other best sellers is not in these particulars. It is its redundancy that gets me. It is a pouring out of unnecessary words. A clear-headed blue-penciller could knock out 50 per cent. of the written words without any loss of sense or continuity and with a mighty improvement in flick and continuity. It is as if these American writers were advised that a masterpiece could only be achieved above a margin of 250,000 words. It *has* been achieved with less. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* or (why not?) *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.* Why don't they sit down and read Tacitus or Max B——.

J. G.

TO HELP GROWING FOOD: Special cloches made of *hortiphane*, a particularly tough cellophane covering stretched over a wire frame. These will greatly help the allotment holder by protecting vegetables from early and late frosts, thus adding nearly three months to the growing season

LEARNING AN ANCIENT ART: Owing to the shortage of skilled thatchers, a number of girls of the Women's Land Army are now attending instructional courses in thatching at centres throughout Hampshire. The instructor is seen explaining a piece of machine-sewn thatch to the girls

Spring

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WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

A GERMAN ARTIST'S WORK DEDICATED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The great Biblical candelabrum, which was recently presented to the Abbey by an anonymous donor and has now been dedicated by the Dean. This magnificent example in bronze, representing thirty-two figures from the Old Testament, is 6 ft. high and 7 ft. wide and was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year and judged to be of great artistic merit. Constructed to hold thirty-three candles, it is the work of Mr. Benno Elkan, who was Germany's leading sculptor in pre-Hitler days. To-day his work is pronounced as "degenerate" by the Führer who doubtless obtained his knowledge of art during his days as a housepainter and decorator

A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN EXILE

A view of Poltimore House, 4 miles from Exeter, which is now the temporary war-time home of Dover College. As the property needed repairing and painting the boys were called upon to lend a hand. They have also assisted with the work necessary in the grounds and in the house itself. The mansion is the property of Lord Poltimore

AN ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL FOR EVACUATED CHILDREN

"Fairlawne," the home of Mr. Peter Cazalet at Tonbridge, Kent, has partly been given over to the L.C.C. Slade School for Physically Defective Children, Plumstead Common Road, S.E.18. It is being used for the treatment of orthopædic patients who also have the use of the beautiful grounds

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

BIOGRAPHY of a POLITICAL GENIUS

Richelieu's Effect on European Nationalism

LIVING as we do in days when history is being made, the lessons of history may be said to be that much sharper, and to have just that extra edge of interest. Yet it was one of Disraeli's wiser remarks, addressed to the occasional student, that he should read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory.

A new biography of **RICHELIEU** (Allen and Unwin. 16s.) would not be an important book if it did not contain historical pointers to the state of the world to-day. Dr. Carl Burckhardt, with all the authority of his distinguished scholarship, and himself with no uncertain knowledge of such men both living and in the pages of the past, calls Richelieu a political genius. Had there been no Richelieu to salvage what was constructive in the ideals of Henri IV, to flatter, cajole and work his will through so complex a character as Louis XIII, and to have outwitted the sated selfishness of Marie de Medici, European nationalism might never have achieved the form we know to-day and a Hohenzollern might never have lived to give allegiance to an Austrian house-painter.

These might haves or might never have beens are, of course, an idle speculation, but almost impossible not to reflect upon, after reading a life so inflexibly bound in political theory as this. There are active theorists in Europe to-day wielding forces which this great statesman could scarcely have dreamed of. In the last sentence of this splendid biography Dr. Burckhardt sums up in terms which might contain a contemporary moral.

"Like all the great creative forces in history, Richelieu was a great destroyer. He tore down as much as he built up, yet it was not his fault but that of his successors that they did not grasp the profound lesson of his work, the lesson that no wall must be removed unless another and a better one is erected, and that one must always build as if one were building for eternity."

As late as August last Dr. Burckhardt, as League High Commissioner at Danzig, had some momentous conversations with Hitler. By then the distinguished historian had probably written what is quoted above. It must have been a curious moment for at least one of them.

Miss G. B. Stern has written her latest novel, **A LION IN THE GARDEN** (Cassell. 8s. 3d.), on a pleasing subject—that "little man," so dear to the heart of cartoonists and to the great British public. Her little man really is a dear, too, with his activities as houseman in a small, Thames-side house, and his thirty-seven different ways of saying "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way." For, although this little man, Norman, had all the pathos that his character demands, he is no banal creation, and his introduction is a delight. Clipping his privet hedge one day, twenty-five years before the opening of the story, he hears a loud purring behind, and with an absent "Puss, puss; pretty puss," continues to snip.

But the purring continues, strangely loud, and he turns—to see a lion. It was a large lion, and not behind bars. It had, in fact, escaped from a travelling show, but there was no time for Norman to inquire into its antecedents. Reassuring himself with the thought that it was nothing more than a big cat, and that he was *fond* of cats, he "enviegled" it into his kitchen, shut the door on it, and went round to tell his wife in the parlour that he'd put a lion in the kitchen and that she'd better not go in there.

Naturally this exploit lifted Norman out of the ordinary run of his fellow men, but not, unhappily, for long. In a few months he was in Flanders, where he was nicknamed Bill the Lion-Tamer, and where a recital of his prowess would rouse his companions to unseemly mirth. But worse was to come, for whereas they had laughed, they had believed, they had even seen the newspaper reports. A post-war generation was sceptical of the whole story, and Norman lost a good job at the zoo by his habit of standing in front of the lions' cages, murmuring only too audibly, "I don't like to see them behind those bars." This was apt to frighten nervous visitors and irritate the authorities, and Norman went.

Later he acquired a job as houseman, a euphemism in his case for odd job man, in a house built on a Thames island, and there he found everything (except lions) to satisfy his unaggressive sense of dignity. He had also, for part of the year, a delightful companion in Brooks, the jaunty, middle-aged maid who came with "the family" on their visits from London. "The Family's" part in the story, though sufficiently dramatic in itself, is secondary to the exploits of little Norman and Brooks, and it is these which make Miss Stern's comedy such excellent spring reading.

I don't pretend to know the reading fare of to-day's fourteen-year-olds, which may, judging from their self-possession, include everything from Zola to Kant, with John Gunther thrown in for entertainment value, but I do remember very clearly that my generation was raised on adventure stories in fiction and, after a bit, in the first films. We read every Western that came our way and the gunmen of our games were lassoing, hard riding, Indian-fighting cowpunchers. We worshipped Bret Harte and later Zane Grey, and for many of us that is a taste that remains, tucked away in some corner of the memory and almost atrophied through lack of nourishment.

Nowadays there are few good Westerns. There have been one or two very good films indeed, but not nearly enough books. Mr. James Boyd's **BITTER CREEK** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is exactly what was wanted—an adult Western.

Mr. Boyd's setting is all that could be desired: the limitless plains, the mountains, the lonely ranch, the small bands of travelling Indians, the frontier town with its saloons and painted ladies and sinister characters. Everything is there for good measure and besides all that, lifting this book into a class of its own, is Mr. Boyd's writing which, paradoxical as it may sound, is the writing of a painter.

He has that pictorial observation, and the ability to convey what he sees in his mind's eye. His Indians are alive, and his simple cowboys round their fires or in the bunkhouse are people we would know again, characters in their own right, and with their own colour and contour. Mr. Boyd may never have drawn a line or painted a stroke, but the analogy is still valid: this novel is a first-rate story of fighting and escapes and love, but it is also a series of unforgettable pictures.

SAM (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 9s.) is a prize-winning American novel chosen evidently from many for reasons which remain obscure to me. It is a competently written book but no more distinguished than ten such that I have read this year. It is written largely in dialogue and is the story of a man who is essentially coarse. Physically, he is repellent, a gross caricature of a man's figure, drinking, spitting, and shouting his way through a financially successful career. Mentally his limitations are as obvious and as crude. Yet he runs a big newspaper, directs the politics of a growing Mid-Western town and apparently retains the affection of his beautiful wife to his dying day.

Naturally one expects him to be one of those rough diamonds with hearts of gold, a jewel arrangement more common in fiction than in Cartier's. But Mr. John Selby has shown more originality and less sympathy than that. Except for Sam's devotion to his child and a rather attractive flair for real estate he has no virtues or redeeming vices. As a creation he has vigour and that is all.

It was enough for the prize committees, evidently, but I doubt if it will be enough for English readers.

One of the chief advantages of not writing a very brilliant first novel is that one's public is apt to grow with the second. The reverse can, I understand, be a very discouraging process.

Miss Angela du Maurier's **THE SPINNING WHEEL** (Joseph. 8s. 3d.) is a far more satisfactory and a far sounder piece of work than her maiden effort which I remember as a romantic story about an essentially unromantic woman. This one is more compact and, if not more credible, certainly more likeable.

For heroine this time, Miss du Maurier has chosen a lovely red-headed girl who falls in love, in pre-1914-war Vienna, with a young Scottish soldier, marries him and, after he is killed in action, brings up his son in his parents' beautiful island home off the west coast of Scotland. While he is at school she goes to London and works there. During this time she meets and marries a German much older than herself, who eventually commits suicide out of pure goodness of heart.

It is then that she meets a friend of her son's, a boy in his twenties, who falls deeply in love with her. His name, Sirion, is the same as her first husband's and on that slender link and a number of other mystical coincidences, she decides that he is Sirion's true successor. They are drowned together when the steamer they are in is torpedoed off the Scottish coast.

Miss du Maurier is a romantic, as you see, and that, in these days, is an excellent thing to be. She is also more than a little sentimental, but that is a weakness which one can tolerate, and no less true to life than the determined crudities of another school. This is a pleasant little novel, and will do no harm to anybody.

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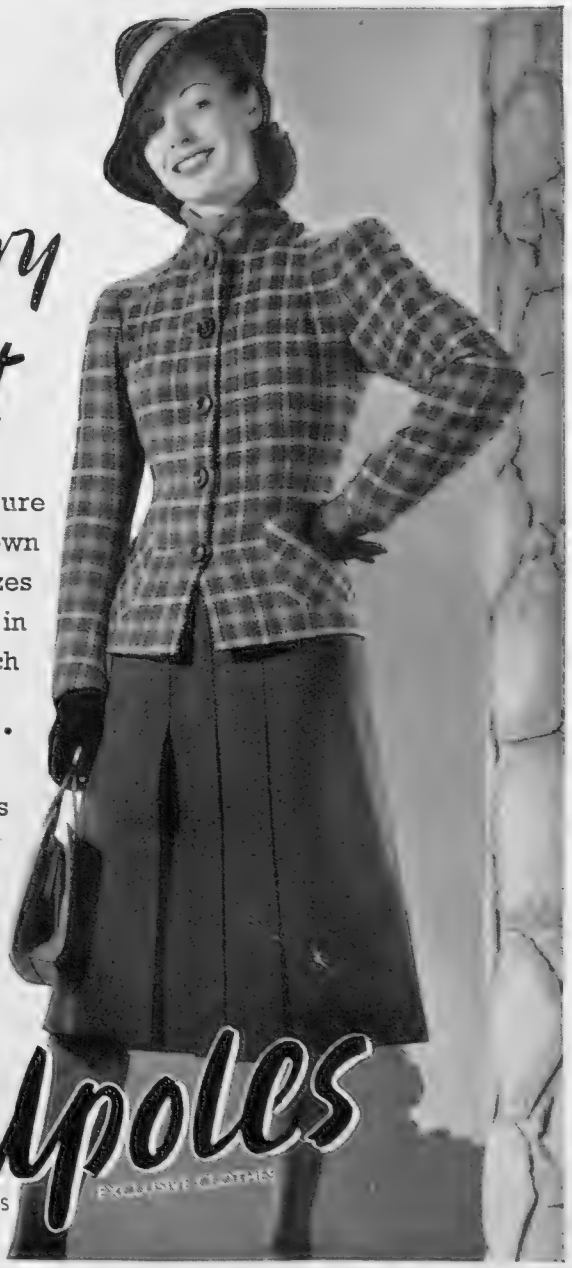

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THE BOULDER DAM TO-DAY

Now a blue lake replaces the muddy dangerous Colorado River. The power which is generated yielded a return last year of 4,321,000 dollars to the U.S. Treasury. With the Boulder Dam controlling the Colorado, two more dams have been completed down stream, the Parker, for diverting domestic water to Los Angeles and ten nearby cities, and the Imperial, to supply water for irrigation to Arizona and the Imperial and Coachella Valleys of Southern California. The Boulder Dam has proved a great attraction for tourists, many thousands of whom have visited it this year

DEFEATING NAZI BRUTALITY

Crewless lightships with lamps that will burn unattended for two months are being assembled. They will replace the existing lightships which, together with their crews, though unarmed and of service to belligerents and neutrals alike, have been subjected to wanton Nazi bombing and machine-gunning

SLOANE SQUARE STATION IN A NEW GUISE

The first stage of the reconstruction of Sloane Square Underground Station has just been completed. Two escalators from the platforms to the street and a new ticket hall have been opened to the public. The escalators are 50 ft. long and rise 25 ft., sparing passengers a climb of seventy-one steps. Sloane Square is one of the oldest and best-known stations on the London Transport's railways. Opened in 1868, it remained in its original condition until the present reconstruction was begun. The new station will be finished by the end of July and forms a part of the London Transport's scheme for modernising many of the stations on its services

MATTERS MECHANICAL

WAR-TIME HOLIDAY TRAFFIC

Conditions on the Roads at Easter

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

THE first war-time road holiday is now over and it may be of some interest to put down on paper my experiences, which were not very comprehensive but may approximate to those of a goodly number of my readers.

I started off from Hampshire on the morning of Good Friday, my destination being Cambridge. Coming up the Portsmouth Road the weather was quite pleasant for the comparatively early time of the year and I encountered what was to me a surprising amount of traffic going in the opposite direction. I have never yet made up my mind whether it is more pleasant to go with a large volume of traffic or against it, but on this occasion the latter course was highly unpleasant. Whether it was that people were anxious to get to the sea without losing a minute or were a bit rusty in their driving I was unable to determine, but whatever the cause the result was hair-raising. On more than one occasion I had to mount the near-side kerb in order to avoid a head-on collision with a car coming in the opposite direction.

When one sees a long string of vehicles approaching in an orderly procession and the road ahead is clear one scarcely expects a car to pull out from the oncoming queue and dive straight for your radiator. This actually happened at least three times between Hindhead and Surbiton. It was just about midday when I got the wheels of my car on the Barnet by-pass and after my experience on the Portsmouth Road I was amazed to find that the Great North Road was practically deserted.

The daily newspapers and the radio told us that traffic was passing on certain main roads at the rate of 1,400 cars an hour. The announcer omitted to mention the time of day at which these figures were ascertained, but so far as my journey was concerned the number of cars encountered was pleasantly few. On the return journey, starting from Cambridge at 6 p.m. on Easter Monday there were certainly more cars than I would have expected to see on the roads during a war-time week-end but not half as many as would normally be encountered during peace-time Easter holidays.

I stopped for dinner as usual at the Cromwell Hotel, Stevenage, and to my amazement I found the place completely full and that space in the dining room was only available to those who had booked tables. This is an experience which I have never encountered in peace-time, although this particular hotel is probably my most favoured haunt for a meal. There must have been people, therefore, on the roads who wanted to eat but I am perfectly certain they were not on cars.

After dinner I had the prospect of driving some eighty miles in the black-out and I had in my party two friends in another car who did not know their way through the outskirts of London in order to link up with the Portsmouth Road. Even in peace-time it is difficult enough for one car to follow another but under the conditions at present prevailing I discovered without any fear of contradiction that it is quite impossible for one car to follow another, at any rate, through the outskirts of London. Both of our cars wanted to take on petrol but it was a matter of considerable difficulty to find a garage open. Even when they were prepared to do business, owing to the black-out they looked as if they were shut. I suggest that there should be some agreed sign amongst petrol filling stations which when displayed would indicate that they were open for business.

Writing about petrol filling stations compels me to suggest that they would be doing themselves a good turn, as well as rendering a service to the motorist who patronises them, if they would indicate quite clearly which of their many pumps were in commission. When I pull up at a strange garage to replenish my tank I am invariably told that the operating pump is the one I have just passed. Many of those with the cheap paper label "Pool" on them are empty but, in any case, this label is frequently difficult to identify. The petrol filling stations cannot be overburdened with business in these difficult times and it is surely in their interest to make things as simple as possible for their customers.

At last there seems a move on foot to make traffic signals more visible in the day-time and not so glaring at night-time. Very shortly after the outbreak of war I mentioned in these notes that the blinding effect of the screened traffic lights was a distinct danger, but now that spring has brought a stronger sun the difficulty of seeing these screened lights in day-time has also become apparent.

Apparently, no decision has yet been taken as to how to increase the illumination in the day-time and to decrease it after dusk. Except in outlying districts, I would have thought that with all the special constables at present on duty it would have been a very simple and cheap matter to take down the present masks during the day-time after they have been further obscured and to put them back in their place at sunset. It is doubtful whether the authorities would be impressed with such a simple scheme and so I expect we shall have expensive alterations made to the electric signals in the shape of automatic shutters or duplicate bulbs.

On various occasions I have criticised the workings of the divisional petroleum officers and so in order to be perfectly fair I would like to put on record that I know of one instance where the Petroleum Officer has acted fairly and promptly. The person involved was myself. Being the owner of a motor cabin cruiser, I wrote to the authorities on the Monday before Easter and asked for some coupons so as to run my boat over the Easter holiday. On the following Thursday morning I received coupons entitling me to buy six gallons.

It was not so much the quantity as the promptness with which my application was dealt that impressed me. It also provided me with a further proof of my contention that when basic coupons have been issued to the owner of a car he is quite entitled to use the petrol for any purpose he may desire and in consequence motoring for pleasure on petrol thus purchased is not unpatriotic. Some people contend that the basic ration is only issued for essential business purposes such as shopping or going to and fro from residence to railway station, but the fact that the owner of a motor cruiser is permitted to buy petrol for his craft demonstrates without any argument that the Government does not object to a certain amount of petrol being used for recreation.

The Competitions Committee of the Royal Automobile Club have decided that for the present they will not issue permits for any competition and this includes motor racing, hill climbs, and reliability trials. During the past month or two it has been suggested in certain quarters that a race meeting might be held somewhere or other but this decision on the part of the R.A.C. just dissolves any such suggestion into thin air.

It could be argued that a car owner having once obtained his basic ration of petrol could do what he liked with it. I might prefer to use my authorised ration to get me to Brighton and back, but my neighbour might prefer to use his in competing against others in climbing a hill in the shortest possible time. I think such reasoning is perfectly logical but at the same time I think the R.A.C. have adopted the right course. Motor competitions have never been a hundred per cent. popular and if enthusiasts used their petrol coupons for such purposes there might be an outcry against motorists in general. It would be quite unfair but none the less real.

In THE SPHERE of March 2, on p. 283, we published a picture of Miss Mary Grey, beneath which it was stated that Miss Grey "was a well-known dressmaker *before the war*." We are now informed by Miss Grey that her dressmaking business has been carried on continuously in spite of the war. We regret any annoyance that our previous statement may have caused.

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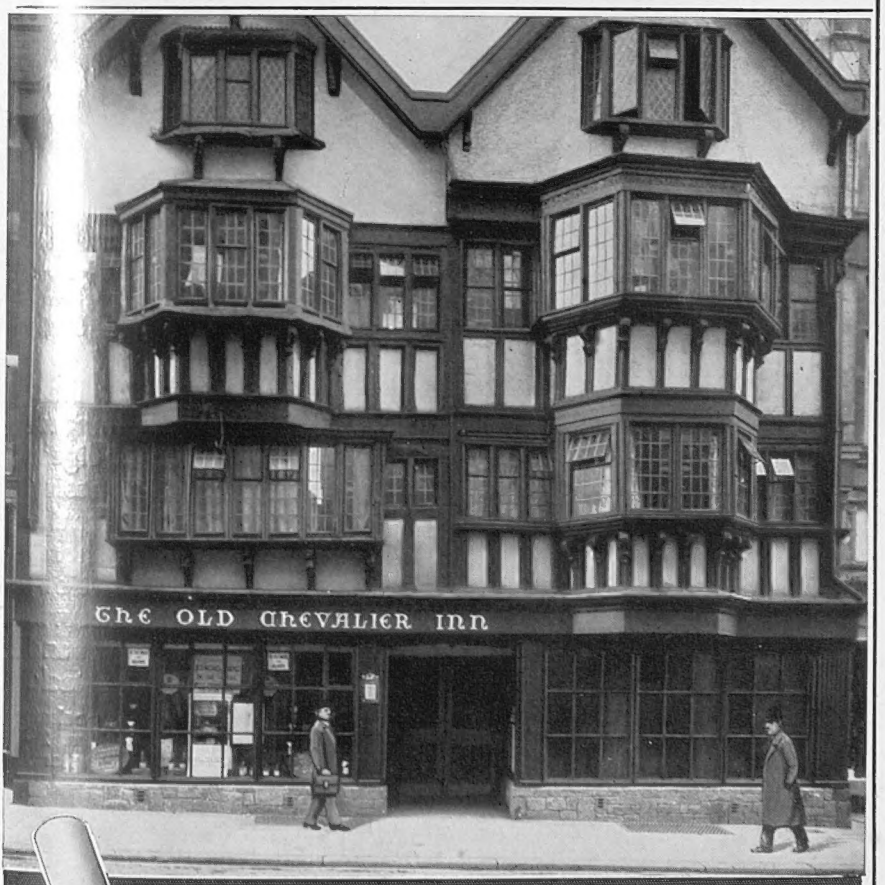
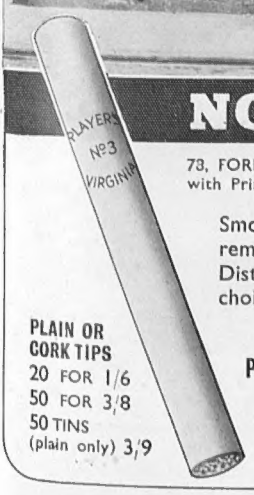


NOTABLE NUMBERS

73, FORE STREET, EXETER. The Old Chevalier Inn—traditionally associated with Prince Charles who, in 1644 is said to have made it his headquarters.

Smokers who remain loyal to the dictates of quality are reminded of that other Notable Number—Player's No. 3. Distinctive flavour and aroma are always associated with the choice Virginia tobacco in this fine cigarette.



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EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

3.P.67B

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The sun may be late for its appointments, but one day soon you'll want a lighter suit. And you'll find it in our New Tailoring department, which is thronged with new arrivals for the Spring and Summer.

Single breasted chalk-stripe	**5½ GNS**
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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Discoveries off the Beaten Track in Devon

MY only excuse for reverting to Devon again this week is that there is allurement about the West Country just as soon as spring asserts itself.

Here are two new places I have recently come across in my travels, both of which have their attractions for country lovers.

Fuidge Manor, Spreyton.—At Whiddon Down on the Exeter-Okehampton main road, fifteen miles from Exeter and eight miles from Okehampton, one is right on the scent of yet another of those out-of-the-way discoveries which has succeeded by virtue of the fact that it has distinguishing characteristics.

Coming from the Exeter direction at Whiddon Down, turn right for Spreyton. Then turn right again at another signboard to the same village and just as one is about to abandon the chase, the Fuidge Manor signboard is seen on the right. Continue up the entrance drive confidently, for then will be found a good hotel of the country-house type which, in spite of its position off the beaten track, draws a steady clientele the year round.

Actually, the nearest bus stop is two miles away at Whiddon Down, but if one is a true country lover one soon learns the ropes of how to procure essential necessities without going into Exeter itself.

At Fuidge Manor you will be glad to stay put as the monks there did in olden days. For such an old building it is remarkably well equipped. Electric light. Central heating. And gallons of hot water on tap in the bedrooms. Billiards room. Licensed club room. Squash court. And a large recreation room for table tennis, darts and generally letting off steam.

There is plenty of bridge to be had. And if you are a Mr. Middleton you are welcome to till, mow, weed, prune, or help dig for victory in the 180 acres of grounds.

Crownwell Hotel, Shaldon.—After crossing the toll bridge from Teignmouth turn to the right instead of negotiating the sharp ascent to Torquay and you can traverse the banks of the Teign to Newton Abbot. About a mile along brings one to a lane on the right leading to Crownwell Hotel and Country Club. A house which as their booklet says is "run for your convenience."

Crownwell actually has a dual existence, out of normal holiday periods including the very cheap Easter and Christmas parties to the place of rest and happiness for those who want to be "nursed" by Mrs. Lloyd, who has that happy knack of mothering one whatever one's age. In fact, it is just the place for anyone who says "I would love to go to bed for a week." For the bedrooms are bright and gay with lovely views from the mullioned windows over the Teign, and there are "Slumberland" beds; electric or coal fires; bedside lamps, and without ringing the bell or extra payment, fruit and flowers by one's bedside.

So much for this rest cure of bliss! Now I will present Crownwell to you in holiday mood. Terraced gardens lead down to the water's edge. The tide is at the full. The sun shines. How about a bathe or taking out one of the Club's boats? Alternatively, a salmon has just jumped, a reminder that there is salmon and trout fishing to be had, and mackerel, bass, pollock and conger in the sea or estuary.

Perhaps golf or tennis is your game? There are three 18-hole courses within easy reach, and a hard (en-tout-cas) tennis court in the grounds.

Even out of normal holiday periods there is excellent riding. Horse and groom come to the door. Also hunting with the South Devon and Holden harriers, which is good fun and cheap. Then there is a jolly little cocktail bar and club room to go back to with dancing, table tennis and darts. Who cares if Pluvius pays an unexpected call?

So there are two pictures of Crownwell, always remembering that Major and Mrs. A. C. Lloyd, who for many years lived in India, are as appreciative of comfort and good food as you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

L. N., Cheltenham.— I certainly can help you as regards the Padstow area. Inexpensively, too! If you do not mind being at the other side of the Camel, the Bide Awhile Private Hotel, at Port Gavern, would suit you excellently, or the St. Moritz Hotel at Trebetheric. It depends on what time of the year you are going, but just about this time of the year you would find Lower Pol Mark at Harlyn Bay, near Padstow, very inexpensive.

G. A., Guildford.—An inexpensive inn which has no claims to pretentiousness though it is very well run, is the Bull at Streatley, which lies at the foot of the Berkshire Downs, and is only a mile from the Thames. This, of course, may be a little bit too far to the east for your purpose, and there is nothing I can personally recommend around the White Horse Hill. On the other hand, the P.R.H.A. have a small inn called the Rose and Crown at Ashbury, and most of their little inns are well run. I suggest you write to the People's Refreshment House Association Ltd., St. George's House, 193, Regent Street, W.1, and ask for the little booklet of their inns, price 3d.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The well-known work of the above Society of training poor boys for a life at sea is in urgent need of funds to enable the work to continue. To-day, there are many ex-*Arethusa* boys serving as Officers in the Royal and Merchant Navies. In these critical times when the Navies require trained boys, the funds for giving poor boys a start for a sea life are falling off. Donations and legacies are urgently needed, and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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LORD HALIFAX writes to the Reverend Desmond Morse-Boycott, founder of

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for poor boys, ADDLESTONE, SURREY,

". . . once the war is over, the goodwill that can be spread by such a choir as yours, travelling and singing in foreign countries, is incalculable; and I therefore hope that everything possible will be done to enable you to keep going . . ."

A picture appeared in THE SPHERE, March 23.

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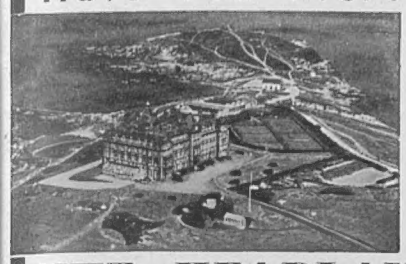

. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

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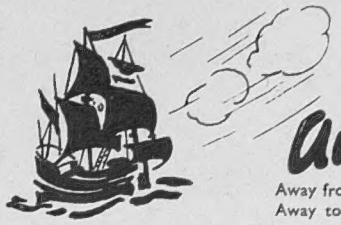
Terms from **4 gns.** for extended stay.



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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

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Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235/36.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest House
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Paignton.—Palace Hotel. A.A.****
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Penzance.—Old Coast-guards Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3188.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Trevarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel. Gloucester Road. S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St.. N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace. S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Bangor.—Castle Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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Cap Ferrat.—Gd. Hotel.—Between Nice and Beaulieu. Reopening. Full south. Quiet and peaceful. Beautiful park overlooking sea.

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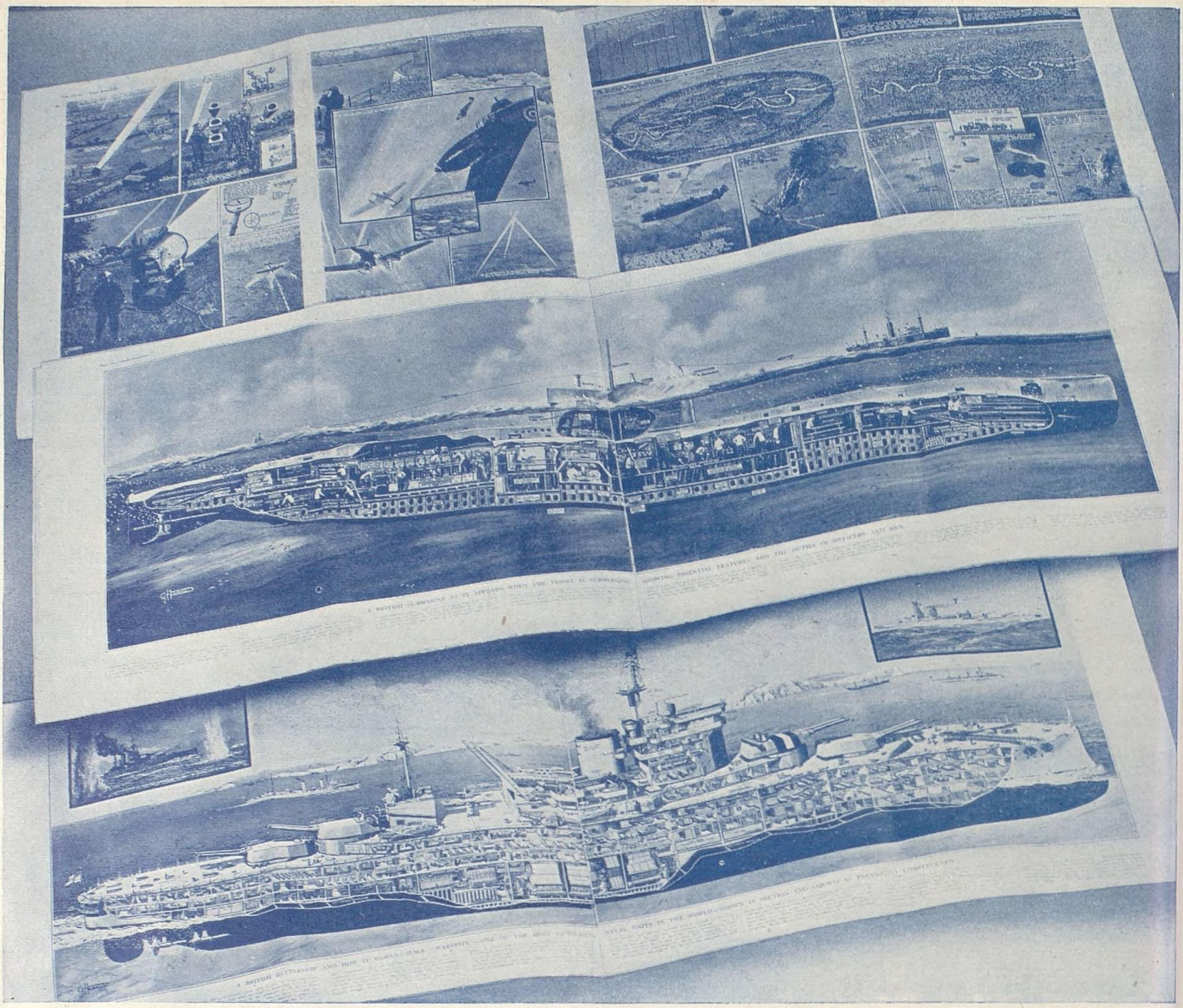

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